

6^p

PUNCH or THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8 1952

6^p

FUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



"Even if it costs the Company more (and spread over 10 years I don't think I could think we should give our senior Representatives Wolseley. It would give them a status that is more in keeping with the position we occupy in the industry."

"I didn't dare to drive the customer in my old 'bus, although I could see he expected it. And then, to cap it, just as I was leaving, up comes our deadly rival in a brand new Wolseley!"



Why we want WOLSELEY



WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD

Overseas Business: Napfield Exporters Ltd., Oxford and 41, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

London Showrooms: Eustace Watkins Ltd., 12, Berkeley Street, W.1.



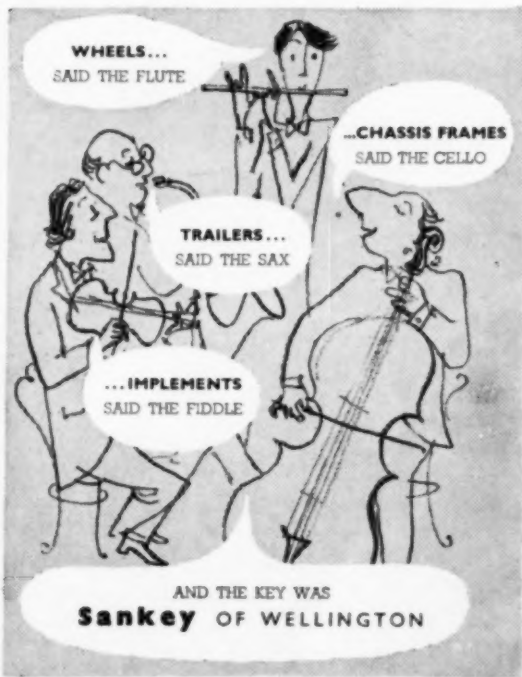
Whatever the pleasure
Player's complete it



Player's
Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES AND TOBACCO

(NCC 799P)



JOSEPH SANKEY & SONS LTD., HADLEY CASTLE WORKS, WELLINGTON, SHROPSHIRE
TELEPHONE: 300 WELLINGTON TELEGRAMS: SANKEY WELLINGTON



MU 480
Brown grain
antique finish

Before you buy another pair of shoes . . .

What a joy it is, in these days, to handle something so thoroughly good as a pair of "Health" Brand shoes!

Their manly shapeliness will endure and acquire character—because it conforms, not to a fashionable fantasy, but to the natural form of your active feet.

And the leather! Rich, supple, stout-hearted. Quality tanned and specially chosen for its purpose.

Workmanship and finish make them 'just the job'—Crockett & Jones' Northampton craftsmen see to that. Prices start at 79/9. Even these staunch soles will one day need repair. By then they'll have earned every penny it costs, whilst the gallant uppers, good for many a long day yet, will deserve the best resoling money can buy.



it will pay you to ask for

CROCKETT & JONES'

Health Brand
SHOES

Address of your nearest stockist sent on request to

CROCKETT & JONES LTD · NORTHAMPTON

Wetherdair Olympix

THE IMPECCABLE WEATHERCOAT

It is cut full throughout. The collar sets naturally in position without pulling and tugging. Sleeves allow the arms to be raised without the coat riding up. Handsome lines. A man's coat, particularly the man who likes his comfort. Price about £15. 15. 0.



WET WETHER WETHERDAIR

There are also Wetherdair Weather Coats from £4. 19. 6.

Fashion Weather Coats in popular colours for ladies.

Also School Coats for kiddies.

WETHERDAIR LTD

BRADFORD AND LONDON



Scotch Whisky in its golden age embodies the rare skill possessed by those great Houses whose names guarantee perfection and distinguish preference. It is the one spirit that is "right" for every occasion. So stick to Scotch—and give it a name . . .

**Don't be Vague
ask for**

Haig

THE OLDEST SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS IN THE WORLD

'Money talks, you know,'

began the Platitudeurarian,
"if I might coin a phrase—"



"TALKING OF MONEY," interrupted the Man of Affairs, seizing the initiative, "I let Lloyds Bank look after my

interests. My wife has a current account there, too. I have appointed Lloyds Bank as my executor. I consult them frequently, and fruitfully, on financial aspects of overseas business. And now, my dear Sir, if you will excuse me, I must get along to the Bank—I'm going abroad in a few days and I find it always helps to have a word with Lloyds Bank before I travel. Thank you for a most informative and profitable conversation."

Let LLOYDS BANK
look after your interests



Jamaica's and Havana's Best Cigars



The same fine quality
Havana wrappers are used
for both brands of cigars.

Gentlemen Twins

—with a difference

ALGERNON follows—follows, on the left, and his brother Alistair are gentlemen twins. They look and think alike, behave very similarly, and both, let us admit it, suffer from the cold—which is where they differ.

For when Boreas blows, Algernon cloaks his plaintive frame in cumbersome cloaks. Look at the result! Bulky! Definitely not well-dressed.

Alistair, however, when cold weather approaches, dons his elegant Braemar underwear. Its comfortable warmth preserves him from the cold, yet fits neatly beneath his suits. The result? Perfection! Better still, Braemar's two-ply reinforcement where it really counts allows him great flexibility of movement. And Alistair, a modern gentleman impoverished by taxes, appreciates that Braemar is a sound investment. It lasts a lifetime. Incidentally, for special elegance and warmth, Alistair wears a luxurious Braemar pullover.

Wise gentlemen everywhere are buying Braemar. They know it's the best in knitted underwear. All fully-fashioned and shrink resistant, Braemars are stocked at better outfitters, in pure wool, at prices from about £3.17.6d a set. The luxury garments, in pure wool, pure silk, or silk and wool, cost more but are worth it in the long run. So be comfortable—invest in Braemar.

Fully-fashioned underwear for men



BRAEMAR KNITWEAR LIMITED, HAWICK, SCOTLAND

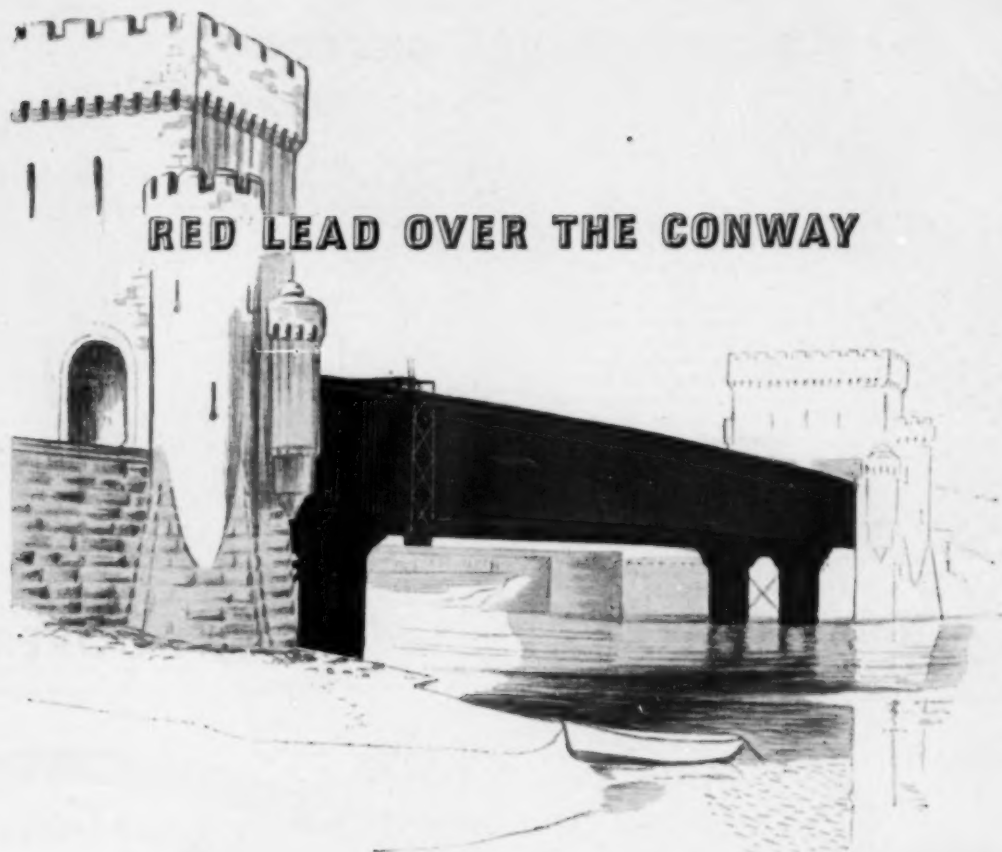
Glayva

SCOTCH LIQUEUR



A sight to gladden the heart of men!

RONALD MORRISON & CO. LTD. EDINBURGH



RED LEAD OVER THE CONWAY

Ever since 1848 heavier and heavier trains have been roaring through the giant wrought-iron tubes of Robert Stephenson's bridge over the Conway. Most of the engineers at that time would not believe that these tubes — the first tubular spans and the longest girders in the world — would even support their own weight. Those who championed the use of cast-iron as a structural material foretold a short life and a rusty one. Stephenson took no notice. His faith in the strength of

the bridge was based on a series of experiments with models tested to destruction. And he had a hunch that proper painting would deal with the rust.

The tubes were designed so that every plate and rivet was accessible. As they were built up on the foreshore they were primed and caulked, plate by plate, with red lead in linseed oil: and after they had been floated into place they were given two more coats. Red lead has been used ever since. A lot of it comes from —

ASSOCIATED LEAD
MANUFACTURERS LIMITED



SPECIALISTS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF LEAD PIGMENTS AND LEAD PAINTS



THE BIG NAME ON
THE
large BOTTLE

TODAY, an 150 years ago, when Noilly Prat made 'French' famous throughout the world, this delightful vermouth is still made only in France, from French grapes by French master blenders; still matured for years in the wood, and bottled in the large bottle. Yes, this is the original dry vermouth that blends so well with gin, so robust that it makes a complete aperitif on its own, or with just a sliver of lemon peel squeezed and dropped into it. In Summer, ice and soda may be added. So remember:

SAY "Noilly Prat" AND
YOUR FRENCH WILL BE PERFECT

NOILLY PRAT

BLENDING AND BOTTLING IN THE LARGE BOTTLE IN FRANCE

SOLE IMPORTERS: WPH, CHAS. ANDERSON & CO., LIME STREET, LONDON, E.C.3.



COLDS?

At the first shiver, sneeze or sniffle, attack with 'Anadin' the balanced formula* that gives you quick, longer-lasting results than from plain aspirin! Down comes the temperature, up go your spirits: headache and shivers are quickly relieved. Taken in time 'Anadin' will stop many a cold developing—and will reduce the severity and duration of all colds.

ANADIN

acts fast!....

* because the balanced formula blends aspirin with phenacetin—for RAPID relief that lasts longer. And it includes caffeine and quinine, two stimulants which cut out the depressing after-effects so often felt after taking old-fashioned remedies.

*Saves work
saves carpets * * **

ORDINARY types of cleaners only remove surface dirt, but the Hoover does much more than that. By gently beating (on a cushion of air) it removes the damaging, trodden-in grit, and so makes your carpets last longer.

**MAKES ALL "ABOVE FLOOR"
CLEANING EASY**

With its range of easy-to-use cleaning tools, the "Hoover" keeps curtains, upholstery and all the rest of your home spotlessly clean from top to bottom.

**H.P. terms always
available**

Ask your Hoover Dealer to show you the latest models. From £14.14.0 (plus £7.7.0 tax) to £23.5.0 (plus £11.2.6 tax). Tools for Agitator models at very little extra cost.



The
HOOVER
CLEANER

Be BEATS... all it Sucks... all it Cleans



Buy the **BEST** bedding from

The London Bedding Centre
Another JOHN PERRING Enterprise

Vi-Spring Divan
3ft. wide £40-19-9
Headboards extra—a wide choice.

A famous

—a pocketed spring interior mattress on a cane-edge divan with cabriole feet.

A full range of Vi-Spring mattresses available for immediate delivery.

3' £36-11-6 £27-13-0 £18-1-6
4' 6" £53-7-6 £39-8-6 £26-12-0



Come and see them ALL at—

13 Brompton Rd., **KNIGHTSBRIDGE** S.W.3. Phone: KNI 1777

Also obtainable from **JOHN PERRING: KINGSTON-on-Thames**

and Branches in the following towns

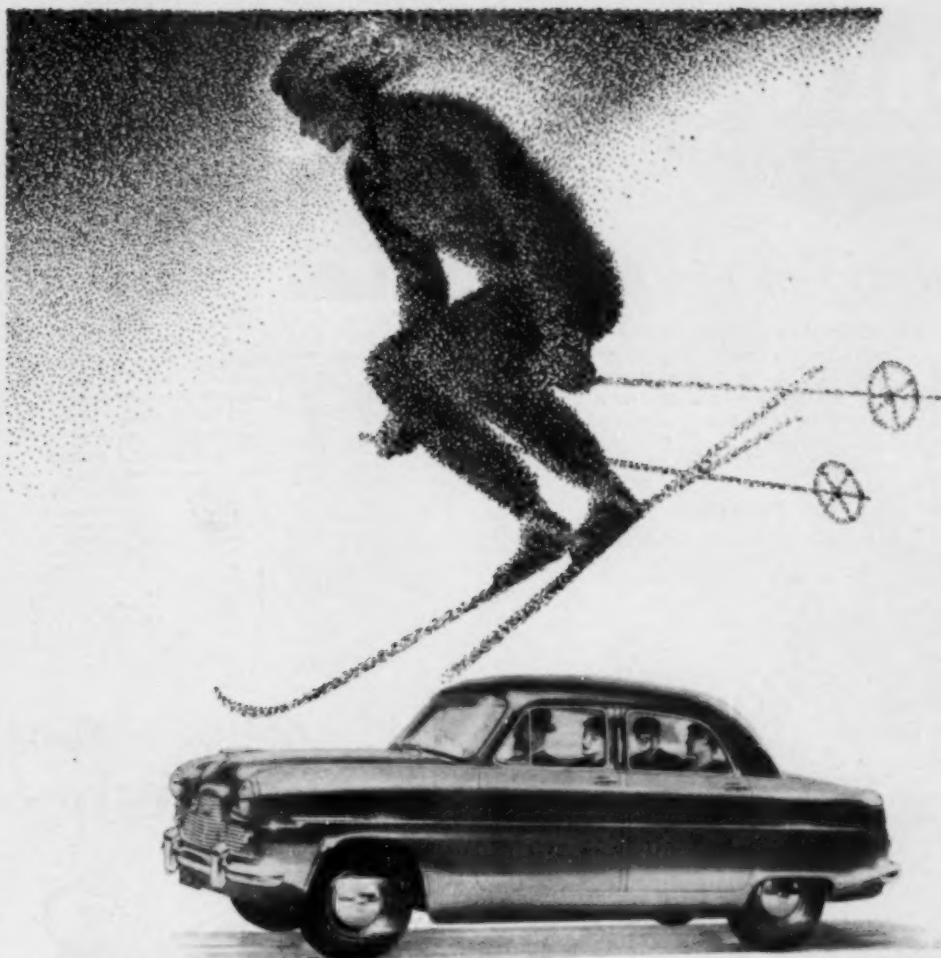
WORTHING
OXFORD
CHICHESTER

GUILDFORD
TOOTING
TWICKENHAM

STAINES
SLOUGH
READING

EAST SHEEN
WOKING
RICHMOND

JACKHARNS Ltd
SOUTHBEND
HOUNSLOW
GRAYS



Swift, silent, stylish...

To see a Zephyr-Six is to get an impression of power and performance; when you drive one that impression becomes exciting. This car is a leader... born of Ford Leadership in design. It has speed and verve — but with restraint of style, comfort in riding, and ease of driving. And it is economical to

buy (more than ever since Ford led the way in price reduction), with consistent economy in running and maintenance costs. Always, and everywhere, you have the Ford Dealer Service to keep your Zephyr-Six at its excellent, economical and exciting best. ZEPHYR-SIX £532 PLUS PURCHASE TAX £297.1.1.



Ford ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **MOTORING**
the best at Lowest Cost

JOBBLINGS

OF SUNDERLAND

versatility in glass

Glass was first made in the Sunderland district over a thousand years ago. Today, and for some generations, the works of James A. Jobling & Co. Ltd. have been producing an ever increasing range of articles and instruments from a variety of glasses including the famous 'Pyrex' brand, the original heat resisting glass in the world

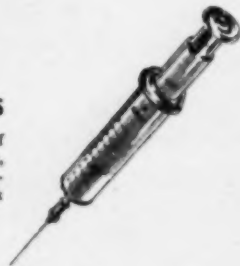


FOR HOUSEWIVES

— dinner service in Joblings heat-resisting Colourware glass. Now you can cook and serve your meals with 'Pyrex'

FOR DOCTORS

— hypodermic syringe made of Joblings Precision Bore Tubing, clear, hard glass having exceptional resistance to thermal shock and chemical attack



FOR MOTHERS

— nursing bottle in Joblings 'Pyrex' heat-resisting glass. Can be sterilised safely—boiling will not break the glass



AND FOR THE HOME—THE GENUINE
original oven-to-table glass



JAMES A. JOBLING & CO. LTD. WEAR GLASS WORKS SUNDERLAND

Sub-standard Spy uncovers bulk-buying plan

SONIA's a secret agent. Once she was the slickest plan-peddler in five continents. Lately she's looked more like hari-kari than Mata Hari.



"Past," I said. "Are you A1?"
"No, I'm C3," hissed Sonia. "Much more of thee constipation am I getting, and I queer. For a job, maybe, I sweep Polish corridor."
"You might start on your own thirty feet," I said.

"What is thee?" huffed Sonia.
"The corridor I mean," I said, "is the little red lane down which all your meals have to go—the thirty feet of piping inside you. When you eat a lot of soft, starchy food the intestinal muscles find nothing to pull at, and they don't function properly."

"What appens then?" cringed Sonia.

"Hold-up on the Aliment Express," I quoted. "Passport

difficulties wreck spy-system.' In other words, you get constipated. What you need," I said, "is bulk."

"Another purge?" growled Sonia.

"Certainly not—" I said, "All-Bran for breakfast every morning. All-Bran's great to eat, and it gives those muscles the bulk they need. It'll soon get you 'regular.'"

"I 'ope," sniffed Sonia, and slunk.

The next time I saw her, Sonia was looking radiant—as if she'd just sold the plans of the 39 steps. "Hi, spy," I said. "You look well."

"Also, I feel it," purred Sonia. "That All-Bran is wonderful. It made me 'regular' in only four days. How did you learn about it?"

"Inside information," I said.

WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system "bulk" to prevent constipation. All-Bran's "bulk" enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to sweep and clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast, or in buns or cakes. All grocers have it.

Ask for
Olde English
the
marmalade
with
tender
thick-cut
peel



1 lb. Jar 1/5



"THE ARISTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE"

*Come view
the
RAYMOND
gas cooker*

Styled by
Raymond Loewy,
world-famous
industrial designer . . .



the Raymond is
the most effective
gas cooking instru-
ment of our times !

Easiest to clean,
for it is finished in
vitreous enamel
and all metal parts
are stainless and
rustproof . . .



with automatic light-
ing—you simply turn
the gas tap and press
the lighter. All burn-
ers have safety taps.



The Raymond has
a *larger* grill—
enclosed and with
a removable
grill chamber . . .



a *larger* oven
with removable
vitreous-enamelled
sides, top, bottom
and back !

Indeed,
21 outstanding
features distinguish
the luxurious
and labour-saving
Raymond !



Result — its
cooking prowess
delights the heart
of every woman
—and her family.



The Raymond
gas cooker is
available on
hire purchase
in most areas.

You are invited to
see the remarkable
Raymond at your
local gas showrooms.

It sells at

61½ guineas*

Manufactured by
General Gas Appliances
Limited, of Audenham,
Manchester. Proprietors:
Allied Ironfounders
Limited, 68 Brook St.,
London, W.1.

"Ovaltine is one of the good things we can afford"



"Yes - its high quality and low price make it the best 'buy'"

OUTSTANDING quality and value have made 'Ovaltine' the world's most popular food beverage. In countless homes it brings to each member of the family the benefits of important nutritive elements and vitamins, derived from Nature's best foods and fortified with additional vitamins. Through its deliciousness and palatability 'Ovaltine' is enjoyed by everyone.

As a supplement to the daily dietary—as the bedtime beverage for helping to promote the conditions favourable to natural, restorative sleep—'Ovaltine' has amply proved its special advantages. It provides concentrated, easily digestible nourishment of the highest quality at the lowest possible price.

Insist on

Be wise — Economize

OVALTINE

The vitamin-fortified food beverage

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin.

It Pays to Buy the Best.

P. 967A



....sweet interlude

How time flies! No sooner do

I break the seal on a box of these

wonderful NO, ecstatic

Regency Candies than one heavenly mouthful leads to another

and another and on-

other and before I know where I am

sorry darling I *did* mean to save you one!

.... But look! There's another layer!

CLARNICO
Regency
CANDIES

CLARNICO LIMITED
VICTORIA PARK, LONDON.



"Mell Gwyn"
Marmalade

Famous for
fine Quality



Accorded to all 'Crosbie's' products



-and Fresh Fruit Jams
by Crosbie's



CROSBIE'S PURE FOOD COMPANY LIMITED

at
Jacqmar
now
The new Brocades
Wild silk Chiffons
Velvet embossed Nylon
Shaggy suitings
and of course the famous
Tweeds and worsteds
Jacqmar
16 Grosvenor Street W.1



So Comfy!

You'll enjoy all-weather motoring in this comest 'Motoluxe' coat, fashionably tailored in the finest fur fabric. For added luxury, in the car and out-of-doors, there are other 'Motoluxe' comforts of the same supreme quality—'Motoluxe' Motor Rugs with Valise Footmuffs to match—'Motoluxe' Mitts and Hats to match. 'Motoluxe' Coats for men too!

Write for the name of your nearest supplier.

LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD., Queen Street Works,
54 Regina Street, London, N.W.1. 1848—Established over 100 years—1932

Aristoc is giving stocking fashions a new twist

GOODWOOD are 15-denier 51-gauge nylons knitted in the new fabulous 40-twist. There's a new form of welt, too, to make these sheerly beautiful stockings even more flexible and long-wearing. Set out to look for them today... at 9/11 per pair!

ASCOT, too, have all the advantages of 40-twist in 15-denier nylon monofil, knitted by the exclusive new process in 60-gauge. Add the new welt... and you'll see why they cling and stretch, so happily... at 11/- per pair.

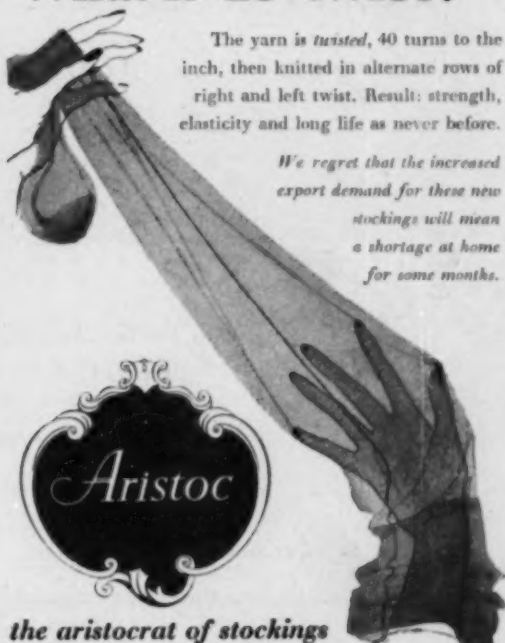
What is 40-twist?

The yarn is *twisted*, 40 turns to the inch, then knitted in alternate rows of right and left twist. Result: strength, elasticity and long life as never before.

We regret that the increased export demand for these new stockings will mean a shortage at home for some months.



the aristocrat of stockings



British Olivetti Ltd 18 Barbican Square London W.C.1
Standard • Electric • Portable Typewriters • Printing Calculators • Adding Machine



'I can do
really nice typing.
so easily
on my Olivetti's'

Model M44 the distinguished British typewriter

page 17

After Dinner Speeches . .

"At the outset I want to reassure you I am not this size really. Oh dear, no! I'm being amplified by the loudspeakers here..."

G. K. CHESTERTON



an

"Embassy"

cigar speaks for itself



Made by W. D. & H. O. WILLS

Branch of
The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

E.C.11.6.

ZENITH WATCHES *hold*



the timekeeping
RECORDS
for

Wrist (30 mm.) and Pocket Watches
at
NEUCHÂTEL OBSERVATORY
Switzerland

Ask your local Zenith agent for full particulars or write to us for his name

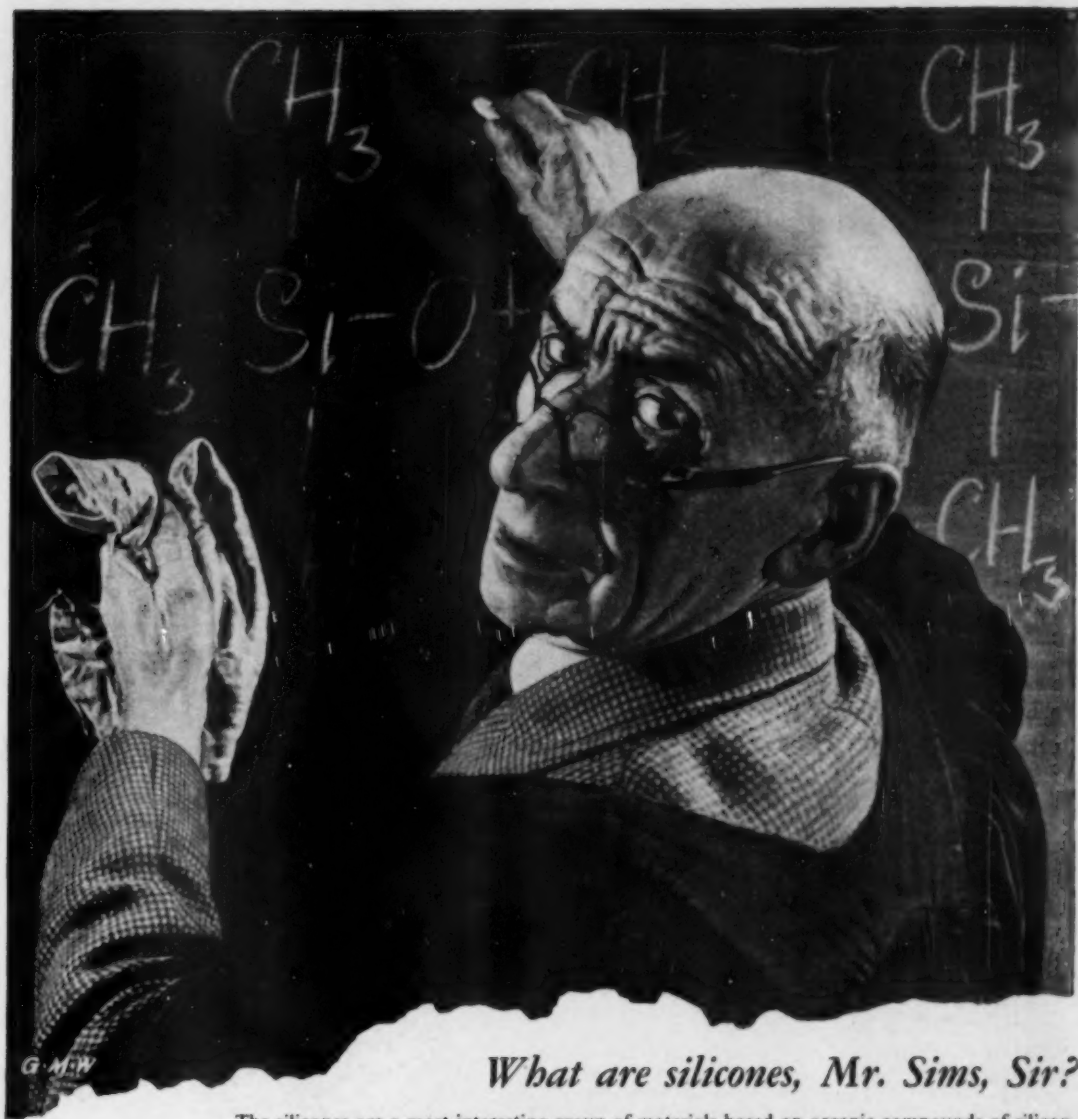
THE ZENITH WATCH CO. (GT. BRITAIN) LTD.
119 High Holborn, London, W.C.1



DOWCESTER CREAM

The Sherry Superb

SOLE IMPORTERS: GALE LISTER & CO. LTD., LEEDS 2



What are silicones, Mr. Sims, Sir?

The silicones are a most interesting group of materials based on organic compounds of silicon.

To industry the most outstanding merit of silicones is their marked resistance to the effects of intense heat and cold. They are used, for example, in jointing and insulating materials for jet engines and electric motors.

They have other special applications in heat-resistant paints, car polishes, and the shower-proofing of textiles.

Midland Silicones Ltd. are the marketing organisation for the full range of silicone rubbers, resins, varnishes and fluids, some of which are already being manufactured by Albright & Wilson Ltd.



Chemicals for Industry

ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD

49 PARK LANE · LONDON · W.1

10/52/158

Radiation Rhapsody

I read about it...

"Burns day and night... any fuel... easy to clean." Sounds just the job for us.



I remarked about it...

"Darling, I do believe our sitting room fire smokes more than you do! It's high time we had something more modern and less wasteful—and I know exactly what we need."



I raved about it...

"Think of it, John—no more laying the fire before breakfast. And we'll save buckets of fuel!"



We're thrilled with it!



In association with the
COZY STOVE CO. LTD.
5 Glasshouse Walk,
London, S.E.11

Radiation

SOLID FUEL HEATERS AND COOKERS

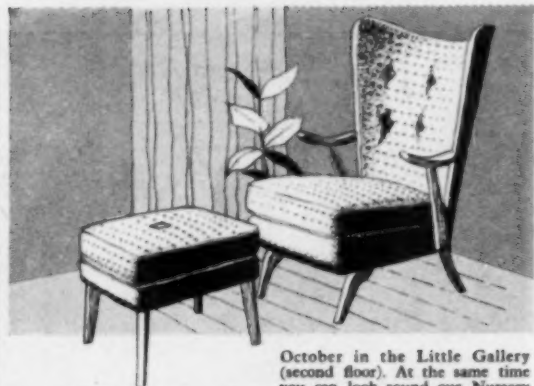
to solve your fuel problem

Particulars of all Radiation models and names of your nearest stockists from: Radiation Group Sales Ltd., Leeds 12 (Depo. PCY).

This is the Radiation model we chose—

the COZY 10A

Burns for 15 hours without attention on any domestic solid fuel. Finger-touch control gives a cheerful blaze or a long-lasting fire as required. Combines the cheerfulness of an open fire with the efficiency and economy of a slow combustion stove. Provides direct radiant heat as well as far-reaching convected warm air. Cozy models are available in various attractive finishes to suit rooms of almost any size.



From Heal's range of attractive but inexpensive furniture comes this chair, designed by Howard Keith M.S.I.A., covered in spotted tweed, £18.8.6. Footstool, £8.16.1; settee to match £27.1.3. We have many other examples of contemporary furniture by leading designers. Why not come in and see them on the first floor?

Yootha Rose has made the delightful hand painted toys and gay embroidery pictures for the nursery, now on show until the end of

October in the Little Gallery (second floor). At the same time you can look round our Nursery Department.

We have our own factory for remaking and recovering divans, boxsprings and mattresses at competitive prices. We can also convert your mattress to a spring interior type. May we send you our folder — "Remaking Bedding"?

Warmth without weight is the comforting secret of Heal's "Honeycomb" blankets—now back again. In five pastel shades and white. Write for details—or better still come and see them.

HEAL & SON

166 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON W.1. Tel: MUSeum 1666

WILKINSON
SWORD
GARDEN TOOLS

IN GAY WRAPPINGS
FOR CHRISTMAS

W 41
POCKET
PRUNER

PRICE
12/6

W 448
FLOWER
GATHERER
PRICE 15/-

W 415
LIGHT
GARDEN
SHEARS
PRICE 27/6



THE PERFECT GIFT
FOR ALL GARDENERS

AVAILABLE FROM ALL STOCKISTS

THE WILKINSON SWORD CO. LTD., ACTON, LONDON, W.4.

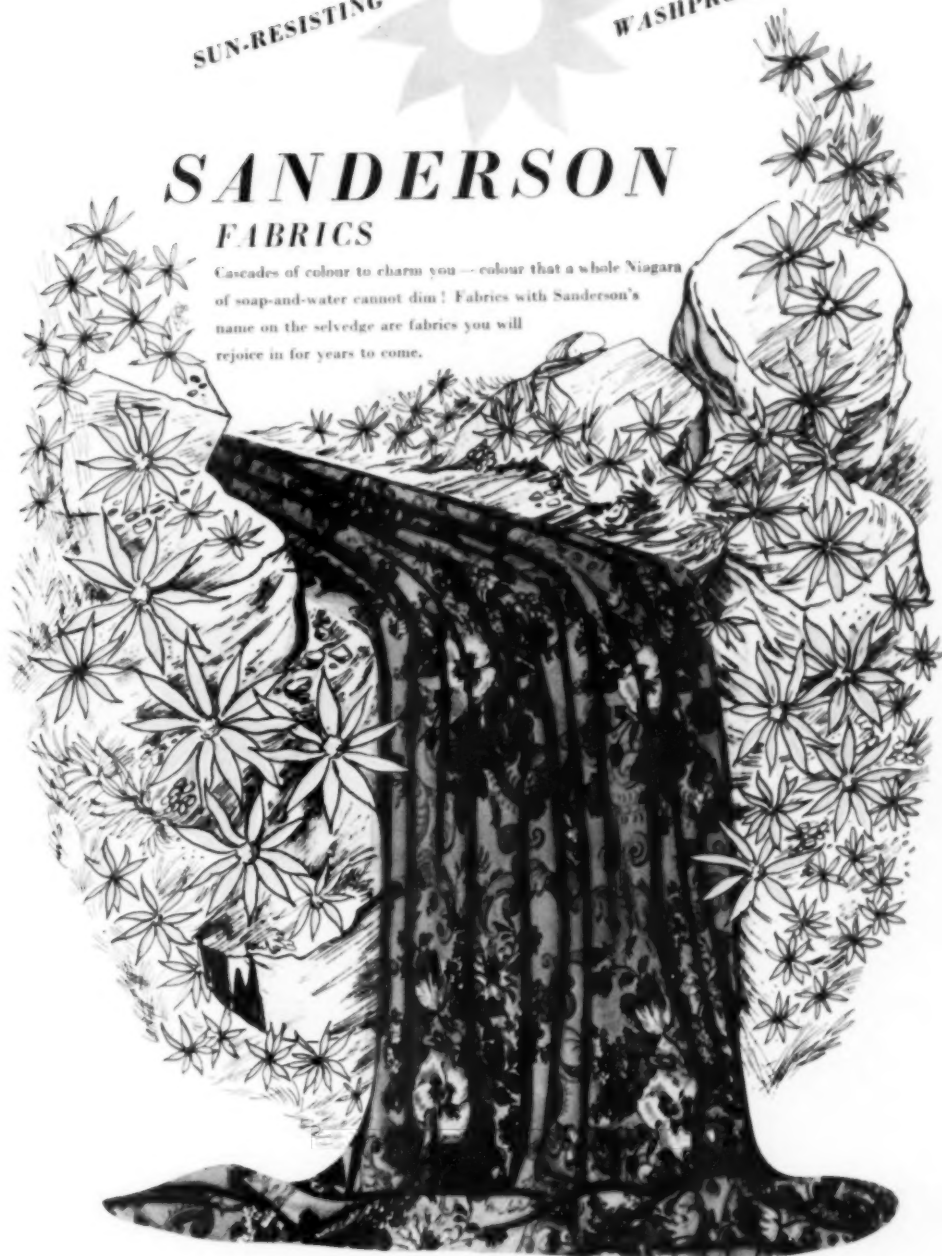
SUN-RESISTING

WASHPROOF

SANDERSON

FABRICS

Cascades of colour to charm you — colour that a whole Niagara of soap-and-water cannot dim! Fabrics with Sanderson's name on the selvedge are fabrics you will rejoice in for years to come.



SANDERSON FABRICS, UXBRIDGE, MIDDLESEX

Showrooms :— 56 Berners Street, London, W.1., & 6-7 Newton Terrace, Glasgow, C.3.



The Eagle is distinguished by the Silver Ring

THE Eagle

The sudden thundering beat of mighty wings . . . a confusion of spray and rushing air . . . and a silver salmon soars skyward in the relentless clutch of the proud and predatory Sea Eagle. Now extinct as a breeding species in this country the magnificent Sea Eagle — largest and strongest of the Eagle clan — may be glimpsed only on its occasional migratory trips from the Continent. Then, perhaps, in the remotest reaches of the Western Isles, a silent wheeling shadow or a harsh piercing cry will proclaim the powerful presence.

ON the road, as in the air, the Eagle is unchallenged. The Goodyear Eagle, mighty in strength and endurance, incomparable in appearance, is without doubt the tyre-building achievement of the age. Every technical advance of recent years is featured in this outstanding tyre. Deeper, tougher tread rubber provides impressive extra mileage. New improved All-Weather Tread design resists every direction of skid, gives quicker, safer stops. Wider, flatter tread area gives bigger grip, slower wear. The handsome reinforced sidewalls protect the tyre body from kerb damage and make cornering steadier than ever before.

The Eagle Tyre by Goodyear, the ultimate in car tyre quality, is the greatest car tyre value ever offered to the motoring world.

THE GOODYEAR TYRE & RUBBER CO. (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD. WOLVERHAMPTON

Facts and the Figure

The average man is a myth invented by statisticians ... But the better-than-average man really exists, and he demands better-than-average clothes. DreScott clothes, with their quiet dignity and well-cut style are *ipso facto* better than the average.

You will find DreScott clothes in good quality stores all over the country, including the West End of London.



An announcement by
DRESCOTT CLOTHES LTD of DUDLEY in the County of Worcester

CED-343



Forecast - Fine

Travelling in all weathers, often at short notice, a man must be protected against sudden changes of temperature. Chilprufe Pure Wool Underwear is ideal. Its close-knit fabric is firm, smooth, and comfortable at all times; warm but not overheating. Faultless fit and finish, remarkable durability, and unique protection from colds and chills, make Chilprufe the choice of discerning men everywhere.

CHILPRUFE
IS
PURE WOOL
MADE
PERFECT

Chilprufe

for MEN

Ask your outfitter or write for
NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

CHILPRUFE LIMITED LEICESTER

ROSA

*A medium Sherry
for all occasions*

CREMA

*For those who prefer
a cream Sherry*

GONZALEZ BYASS

Sherries of Distinction

VOL. MCIII, No. 252

Schweppshire Post, 1952



HAMLET



NEW HAMLET

Denmark à la mode

On the Boulevard Schweppesmann, a novel *Hamlet* to titivate the ever-varied taste of the *gamin à Paris*. By translating back into French the English version of Gide's notes for a French version of *Hamlet*, the elements of Shakespeare's work are silhouetted against a new and startling background. It is clear as never before that the real murderer of Claudius, Hamlet, was usurping the juster claims of the First Grave-digger to succeed to the throne of Denmark.

Was Hamlet Ophelia's Aunt?—is the question which this production dings relentlessly in the mind. So much so that we must ask why is it that never before has Hamlet worn spectacles? Except in the first scene, when Shakespeare specifically tells us that his short-sightedness causes him to be "too much i' the frown", the symbolism of Hamlet's clearer vision is naturally linked with the Elizabethan vogue for glasses with rims of horn, when Ophelia deliberately describes Hamlet's "glass of fashion".

A new-found holograph of Schichov, dancing master to the Princess Imperial, reveals the long-lost step "point-mains", proving that "sur les pointes" originally implied the tip of the index finger.

Small wonder that the *première danseuse* of today, with the long pointed fingernails of 1952, finds this position difficult to maintain.



The Susschweppes Cork-Necklace.

An Interesting Find

EXCAVATIONS AT SUSSCHWEPES

Here, with measuring rod in cms. to show relative size, is a string of early corks proving that a palaeoschweppic era did exist; though whether the corks were ever actually made of flint has never actually been proved. Some of these early corks are so rough that it is doubtful whether they were made by the hand of

man or nature or what their function, or whence.

During the cress tea which followed the recent outing of the Wescht Schweppshire Archaeological Society, Mr. Geoffrey Coad-Sanderson, secretary, said: "No cork without a bottle".

Is there a link between the civilisations in this fascinating Susschweppesian treasure and the recently excavated mug handles of the Persian Gulf?

CINEMA

MASTERPIECE AT THE 'FORWARD'

Motorbicycle (English sound-effects) is the simple story of a simple motor bicycle engine and the part which it plays in an ordinary simple community, set amidst the intangible beauties of the Via Latina. I, for one, was deeply moved by this plotless and featureless film of overtones and undertones.

Moses (at the Schweppza Cinema). This film cost twelve million dollars. Verdict: Hi-ya, Moses.

A book of COBELES

Architectural Notes

Our photographer, in this glimpse of a "book" or "sette" of cobbles in the road by the tramlines outside Schwapping Station has caught the natural beauty of intuitive design and instinctively unfettered composition of the untutored roadmaker. We have chosen this picture, taken with an ordinary box camera, because it illustrates also the intuitive beauty of natural design, and the instinctively unfettered roadmaker's untutored composition.



Written by Stephen Putter. Drawn by Leutin-Blin.



RUSSIAN claims that human life may be prolonged to a hundred and fifty or even two hundred years by a regular course of soda baths are said to have aroused widespread interest in this country, especially at the Ministry of Pensions.

the waiting time three days, is even drawing sympathetic comment from bus-drivers on London Bridge.

Mr. Joseph Hunt, chairman of the Fancy Goods Association, has commented with some bitterness on the attempt of the Sheffield Assay Master to prevent the use of the crown symbol on Coronation souvenirs. This, it appears, is the most recent of a long line of stumbling-blocks placed in the path of Mr. Hunt and his Association, including complex instructions (from the purchase-tax authorities) on what constitutes a souvenir and what does not; an insistence (from the Board of Trade) that licences must be obtained for all metal used; a warning (from the Council of Industrial Design) that every souvenir must receive the Council's approval; and a ban (from the Lord Chamberlain's office) on the manufacture of anointing spoons and swords of state. Our sympathies are wholly with Mr. Hunt. It looks very much as if officialdom is trying to make him the Coronation mug.

The most recent recurrence of traffic hold-ups on the Berlin-Helmstedt autobahn has been more wearisome than any before; in the past it was seldom that more than five hundred vehicles were stationary, and then only for about twenty-four hours, but last month's report that the number had reached over a thousand, and

Housewives' Choice

"We guarantee that **SPLISH*** gives the world's cleanest wash. Put your washing into **SPLISH** suds and see the dirt rush out into the water . . . Your white things come up the whitest ever, your coloured things have their colour restored. **SPLISH** is a marvel, it's a miracle!

To the Dealer: Our salesman will redeem this coupon in accordance . . .

SPLISH suds draw the dirt out of clothes and hold it. When you wring out **SPLISH** suds the dirt goes off gripped by **SPLISH**. The whole wash dries dazzlingly clean . . . The coupon saves you 1s. 6d. when you try **SPLISH**. It's guaranteed to give you the world's cleanest weekly wash . . .

From a leaflet delivered to selected British Homes

* Fictitious name

"**SPLOSH**† not only gives the cleanest wash, but the whitest boil. You see it happening, loads of dirt streaming out into the washing water . . . You know your coloureds, your husband's overalls and the kiddies' rompers must be cleaner with **SPLOSH** . . . **SPLOSH** is sensational, lathers like magic, gets all the dirt

To the Dealer: This coupon will be redeemed for 1s. 6d. by . . .

out and makes your clothes really clean. **SPLOSH** is able to keep on working till every scrap of dirt is fetched out, even the hidden dirt that no other product can touch . . . Hurry to your shop, change your coupon to-day! Prove that **SPLOSH** gives you not only the cleanest wash of all, but also the whitest boil . . .

From a leaflet delivered to selected British homes

† Fictitious Name

Leader of the British nuclear scientists' expedition to the Monte Bello islands is Dr. William George



Penney, described by the *News Chronicle* as "the forty-three-year-old Chief Superintendent of the Ministry of Supply's Arms Research Unit, a London suburban-dweller with a taste for ping-pong." His ping was on Friday morning: pong any day now.

A university professor investigating criminal tendencies in the young has found that the under-sized child is twice as likely to be convicted for crime as one of normal physique. While medical and sociological experts are racking their brains to explain this may we suggest, in our unimaginative way, that it could have something to do with the size of larder windows?

The Postmaster General has hinted that the three-penny letter rate may have to come one day. Obviously, apart from the extra revenue which would swell the Treasury's income from ordinary members of the public, immense additional economies would result in Government departments, where a saving of

three-pence instead of twopence-halfpenny would be made on every O.H.M.S. letter.

A universal antidote against the common poisons has been discovered in the United States, consisting of strong tea, burnt toast and magnesia. Official literature put out by the British Travel and Holidays Association might well remind intending visitors to British hotels to bring their own magnesia.

"Mr. Griffiths is not only popular in the Movement, but he has the additional strength of not arousing the intense antagonism that both Mr. Morrison and Mr. Bevan do. He does not belong to any particular wing or caucus of the party. He is not a Bevanite, and, on the other hand, he is not an anti-Bevanite. He is not on the Right and he is not on the Left—and somehow he is not in the centre either."—*The Observer*
Must be somewhere. Tried the national executive committee?

VETO

SYMPSON, who is secretary of our local Constitutional Club, came round to see me the other evening in a considerable state of excitement.

"I've been looking through the minute book," he said, "and I've discovered that at the last meeting of the committee Brigadier Hogg scored his ninety-ninth veto, when he barred your proposal to have a new cloth put on the second billiards-table."

When our club was re-formed after World War II we made up a new set of rules, and borrowed an idea from a somewhat larger organization that was much in the news at the time. In order to prevent the committee launching out on wild schemes such as Ladies' Nights and Smoking Concerts, which before the war always resulted in a dead loss, the officers of the club were given the power of veto.

The officers of the club are three. Brigadier Hogg is chairman, Symptomson is secretary, and I am treasurer. Symptomson and I indulged in a little mild vetoing in the early days, just to show that we could do it, but we

never developed any sort of craving for the habit, and when the novelty had worn off we rarely vetoed at all, except occasionally in order to put an end to a discussion that would otherwise have made the meeting drag on until after the bar closed.

Far otherwise was it with poor Brigadier Hogg. Every man, I suppose, has an Achilles' heel, a chink in his armour, a weak spot. With some it is drink, with others tobacco, with some gambling, with others golf. In these things Brigadier Hogg had always showed a moderation that was an example to us all, but vetoing undid him.

At first he merely indulged in one or two vetoes at each meeting, in the same carefree way as the rest of us, but soon the craving began to master him, and he could not leave the thing alone.

It began to undermine his health, and after one meeting where he had vetoed seven times Symptomson and I had to help him home, so weakened was he by exhaustion. Symptomson spoke to him like a father.

"You've got to fight this thing,

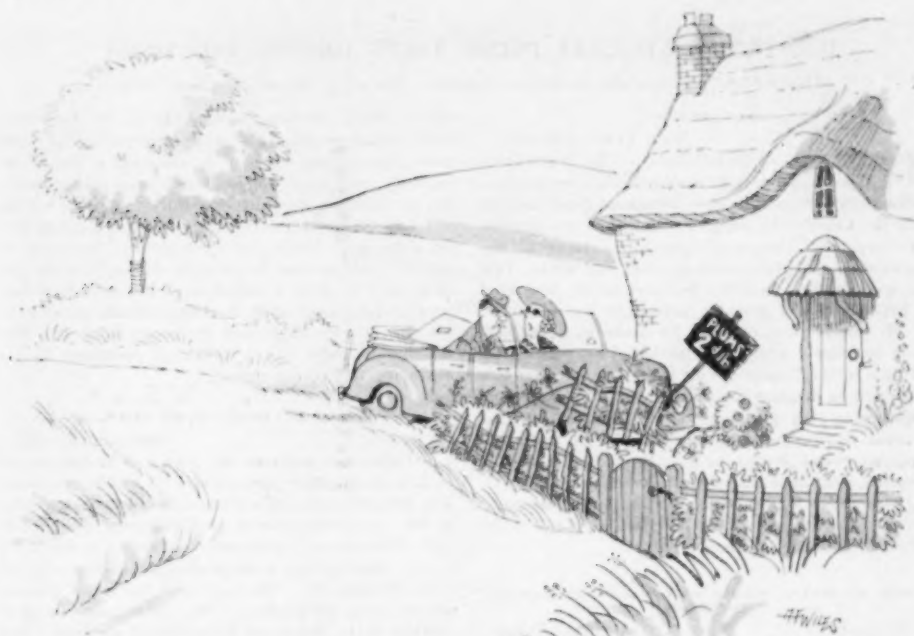
old boy," he said, "or it will destroy you, and the club too. Look at what you did to-night. You vetoed three new members (the only applicants we have had this year), you vetoed the purchase of a new long rest, although the present one shakes like an aspen leaf, you vetoed the repair of the skylight, although players on the third table have to use umbrellas in wet weather . . ."

The Brigadier groaned.

"Don't go on," he said. "I'm only too well aware of the pitiable state I have got into, but unless you are veto-addicts yourselves you cannot understand how difficult it is to pull up."

"It's the first veto of the evening that matters," said Symptomson gravely. "Master the early impulse to veto the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, and you'll go on from strength to strength . . ."

Since then the gallant old soldier has done his best, trying at each meeting to withstand that fatal temptation of the first veto, but sooner or later he has yielded. It was no surprise to me to hear that



"We'd better buy a couple of pounds."

his score had mounted to ninety-nine.

"I swore to myself," said the Brigadier at the next meeting, "that when I reached a hundred vetoes I would retire from the committee, so I shall try extra hard to-night to abstain."

It was quite painful to watch the struggle that followed. With face white and drawn and clenched fists on the table in front of him, he allowed the minutes of the last meeting to be read, and kept silent during matters arising, correspondence, financial statement, and steward's report. During other business, however, he uttered a wild cry of agony, and when we came to date of next meeting he could hold himself in no longer.

He vetoed the next meeting, so the committee cannot meet any more.

Opinion in the club differs as to the gravity of this development.

D. H. BARBER

SALESMANSHIP

THE third car dealer sucked in his breath through closed teeth almost before I came within speaking distance. It was becoming a ritual. I decided to change my tactics.

"A Frampton Special," I said. "Got any in stock?"

He shook his head slowly. "Snapped up," he said.

I turned away, then turned back again. "Pre-war?" I asked. "1938s seem to be fairly easy to get."

"Well," he said, "they're a very good car. Fast."

I frowned. "What about spares?" I said.

He smiled confidently. "Nothing easier," he said. "There's a factory in Birmingham makes nothing else."

For a moment I was at a loss.

The man didn't look like a liar. "And then there's tax and insurance," I added. "Surely no one can afford to run them these days?"

"Don't you believe it," he said. By this time I had been taken inside his office. "With the new tax scheme you save half as much again."

"But you don't see many on the road," I said.

"Precisely," he answered, using the logic of his profession. "They're in demand. I'd use one myself if it weren't for the customers. We can get rid of them in a matter of hours."

I broke the news gently. "As a matter of fact," I said, "you're a very lucky man . . ."

But somehow I stopped. A car like that might be worth keeping.

U.S. TROUSER-POCKET PROBE TAKES UNEXPECTED TWIST

Our political correspondent is now in America. His latest dispatches appear below.

GIFT OF HAT

NEW YORK, Thursday

HOT on the heels of the publication of Mr. Stevenson's post-war laundry lists comes the imputation, undoubtedly emanating from Democrat headquarters, that Mr. Eisenhower was the recipient of a ten-gallon hat from the Denver Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, on or about D Day 1944. This hat, so runs the indictment, he subsequently converted to his own use by growing radishes in the crown.

Mr. Eisenhower, reported by circles in close touch to be extremely angry, has retaliated by sending all his hats to the Committee for the Purity of American Life, with a demand for an immediate investigation. Announcing this development, Mr. Hagerty said the General was prepared, in the interests of truth and straightforward dealing, to have the hats of his entire personal staff photostated for reproduction on TV.

Meanwhile Mr. Stevenson, anticipating the next move, is arranging a coast-to-coast hook-up of his suspenders and other personal gear.

TAFT TO REVEAL SOURCE OF GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PIN-MONEY

CHICAGO, Friday

The struggle to decide who shall guide the destinies of the greatest nation on earth reached a new pitch of intensity to-day when Mr. Stevenson turned out his pockets in the presence of a monster rally at Springfield, Missouri. Deliberately dropping the witticisms that have done his cause so much harm in Montana and the Dakotas, the Democratic candidate dealt in a statesmanlike way with each point as it arose. "This gun-metal pocket knife," he declared, opening and closing the blades with nervous rapidity, "I bought from my savings as Governor of Illinois State. It cost one dollar fifty, and the receipted check is available for inspection at any time."

This statement was loudly cheered, and Mr. Stevenson proceeded to deal rapidly, in the same way, with his pocket-handkerchief, fountain pen, keys and return ticket to Chicago. Some crumbs of cheese, shaken out with his handkerchief, he specially asked to be allowed to keep, admitting shyly that they were for his white mouse "back home." Democrats hope to capitalize on this disclosure by rushing out new "White Mouse for White House" lapel buttons.

Two hundred prominent Republicans have pledged themselves to publish the petty-cash accounts of their families for three generations back.

IRE FACES NEW THREAT TO HOPES

NEW YORK, Sunday

Sensational new developments are believed to be imminent in the race for Presidential honours. Reports flooding into the Eisenhower camp indicate that the

Middle West is being alienated by the General's unblemished record. The whispered query "Ain't he ever done *nothing* wrong?" is assuming a dangerous currency, and tough Kansas farmers are asking themselves whether a man of such sainted innocence will be able to hold his own in the hurly-burly of political life, let alone meet Stalin on equal terms. Attempts to spread a rumour that in his early days at Abilene Ike once tried to work a nickelodeon with a half-sucked peppermint lozenge show that Republicans are alive to the danger and determined to face it squarely. But Eisenhower, who has a streak of obstinacy in his character, denies the story.

"I RAIDED LARDER, STOLE JAM"—Stevenson

CHICAGO, Monday

White with anger at the failure of his opponents to find the slightest peccadillo in his public or private life, Adlai Stevenson this afternoon told a vast audience at St. Louis that stories of Eisenhower rolling dice with Dillinger at a fraternity convention at Santa Fé in the 'thirties were a despicable Republican-inspired vote-catching lie. "He may once have put peppermints in a nickelodeon," Mr. Stevenson shouted. "What of it? We've all tried that in our time. But did he ever climb in the window of his aunt's storeroom and help himself to cranberry jelly? Let him answer me that." Mr. Stevenson added that what America needed to-day was a man who knew where the jam was, and was prepared to take a short cut to get it.

Mr. Eisenhower's advisers are still working on him in an attempt to get him to admit that he used to sneak into the Yankee Stadium free by dressing up as a hot-dog man. But he lacks political adroitness.

NEW YORK TUESDAY—STEVENSON CLAIMS DRANK BOOTLEG WHISKY SWAYS PACIFIC SEABOARD STOP IKE OFFERS THROW IN HAT BUT NONE AVAILABLE AS ALL STILL IMPOUNDED BY PURITY COMMITTEE STOP NIXON'S SPANIEL HAS HAD PUPS AM GETTING THE HELL OUT OF THIS ENDS

H. F. ELLIS

5 5

MEMORIAL TO KING GEORGE VI

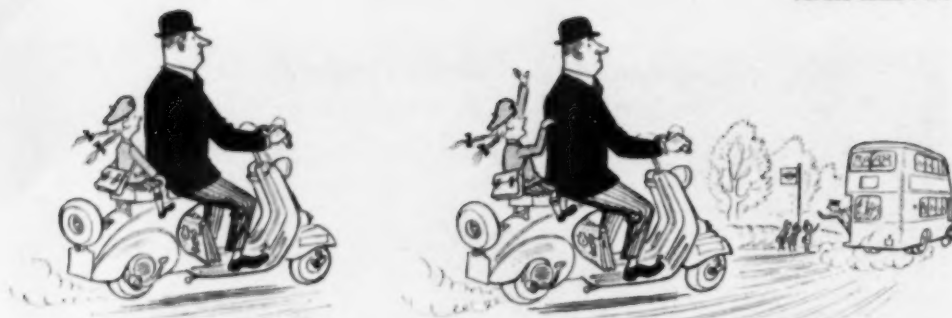
The National Memorial to King George VI is to take the dual form of a statue in a noble setting in London and a nation-wide scheme to promote the physical, mental and spiritual needs of young and old people.

Our readers may wish to be reminded that donations should be sent to the Lord Mayor, King George VI National Memorial Fund, London, E.C.4. Cheques should be made payable to the Fund.



HE GAVE HIS LIFE
TO HIS PEOPLE

WHAT WILL YOU GIVE?



DESIGN FOR LIVING

THE Bouverie Institute of Building Science (BIBS), whose revolutionary researches in the field of damp-defiance were reviewed in this journal a few months ago, has the amiable habit of taking a collective day off now and then to visit some site in the country which seems likely to provide it with food for thought and a new, revitalized outlook on contemporary habitation-habits. Casting around in its mind lately for somewhere thought-provoking to visit, it plumped for the new country home of the well-known writer Mr. L. In this way it combined both a day off and a write-up, which the undersigned Mr. L. will now proceed to give it. The write-up is condensed from the first draft of a more formal report which will be issued by the Institute in due course, under the title *Traditional Dwellings in the Vale of Kent (TRADWEVOK)*. The draft was written in faint pencil under the influence of draught cider, but the writer believes that his interpretation of it is substantially correct.

On approaching the site from Flitwash station the Traditional Dwelling would be seen in end elevation, if it were not partly masked by the other half of the dwelling, whose indweller is the writer's neighbour. The dwelling is, in fact, an interesting example of early strivings after site-economy. No fewer than two indwellers, with their families and chattels, are housed in the same basic accommodation-unit; but the impression of there being two wholly separate dwellings in the one overall unit is maintained by the provision of two main ingress-units, or *front doors*. The Institute, always eager to spread the knowledge of Building Science among the uninitiated public by the use of simple, vigorous language, has suggested for this type of construction the brilliantly economical term *semi-detached*.

Viewed as a whole, from the road to Flitwash station, or anywhere else, the joint and conjunct dwelling is in the form of a rectangular parallelepiped, almost but not quite cuboid. There is thus a restful simplicity about the basic construction; viewing it from the front, or south, the eye is not distracted by any irregularities in the way of abutments or buttments,

but is free to wander at will about the virtually cuboid mass, which rises unbroken from the Weald and terminates abruptly at the top and sides where it meets the sky. The unit is, in fact, though constructed circa 1850, an object-lesson to the modern architect in its use of simple, solid masses. The only objectionable feature from this viewpoint is the provision of two draught-induction units, which rise symmetrically from either extremity of the roof-line. These tend to give the imaginative beholder the impression of a Czechoslovakian private soldier holding up his short, stubby arms in surrender, an impression which can only be avoided by walking rapidly round to the side or abstaining from reading middle-European literature.

Neglecting the draught-induction units, if possible, the air of restful simplicity is well maintained by the layout on the front elevation of the fenestration and main ingress-units. The last-named units are placed side by side symmetrically bang in the middle of the basic block, each unit being about a foot from the vertical centre-line. The fenestration is disposed in two vertical columns. As there are only four fenestration-units in all, the observer is tempted to speculate, after a prolonged scrutiny, whether these could not in fact be regarded as forming two horizontal, rather than two vertical, columns. The conception is a wholly false one. When we consider that the lower horizontal column of fenestration, if there were one, would be irretrievably broken by the two intervening ingress-units, which form a duplex vertical motif, it becomes clear that the conception of the fenestration-columns as vertical is the only tolerable one if a balanced psyche is to be maintained.

Were not the main lines of Building Science as firmly laid down in 1850 as they are at the present day, if such sublime simplicity as this could be achieved? They were not. We are reassured on this point when we penetrate to the side and the rear. There are no fewer than two abutments, or projecting masses, one on the side and one at the rear, which effectively shatter the grandeur of the basic conception. That at the rear was, moreover, deliberately included by the original unknown architect. A small tiled excrescence



with a pent roof waddles—there is no better word—two yards northwards, for the wholly trivial purpose of housing canned goods, eggs, dry-rot fluid and the like. It is divided in two along the centre-line and provided with two minor ingress-units for the convenience of the two indwellers. Means of ingress to the main dwelling-unit are provided in the angle formed by the abutment and the main cuboid mass.

It was, no doubt, the example of this disastrous canned-goods unit that inspired the later addition on that side of the house where the present writer indwells. Here an irregularly-shaped mass is flung eastwards from the main block. If we allow ourselves for a moment to revert to the impression of the Czechoslovakian private previously mentioned, it is as if that desperado were surrendering in close contiguity to, or even leaning up against, a large rustic dog-kennel. This devitalized mass performs the function of enclosing

approximately a thousand cubic feet of air. Instead of tearing the superinennarrable addition down, the present purblind indweller warms the air in it with a space-heating unit and sits in it with his family and chattels, listening to music.

The first draft of *TRADWEVOK* ends at this point. The visiting team, exhausted by the sight of the abutments, and the variegated hutments straggling northwards beyond a small paved space, staggered into the interior to regain their psychic balance. They noted that the interior of the writer's demi-unit was divided symmetrically into four cuboid sub-units, each measuring approximately ten by eight by seven; but their reflections on the matter will not be known until the report is published. The pencilled draft was left behind in their mad rush for the train; and it is time the writer posted it on, if *TRADWEVOK* is ever to appear at all.

R. P. LISTER

THE BELL-BOX

I WAS never a king, like that Babylon chap,

When I lived my life before;

House-parlourmaid, me, with a frilly cap

And a room on the very top floor,

And I sat in my kitchen, this one here,

A-gazing up at the wall for fear

One of them draughted things would flap

In the bell-box over the door.

Bothered to death I used to be

With which of the flaps meant who,

And never you saw such a family—

Six, and the spare room too;

And waking any old time they chose

And ringing to say they were starved or froze—

Drunk with power, if you're asking me,

Me, with the house to do!

There was Master Tom and his passion for bread—

I can see him now, top right—

And that novelist lady as wrote in bed

And her tea and her Just a Bite,

And the twins, the time they was learning Morse

(Don't worry, they said—well, you do of course),

And my, I'd forgotten him! Uncle Ned

A-thinking it worked the light!

But the evenings, that was the worst of all;

They was up for a meal by then,

And I'd watch for the dining-room flap to fall

And run like a frightened hen;

And what would it be but the spoons is odd

Or the lid of a tin in the curried cod

Like anyone might as'd polished the hall

Along with cooking for ten!

And if you look at that box to-day,

Why, it looks right back at you

And you'd almost think you can hear it say

That it works as good as new,

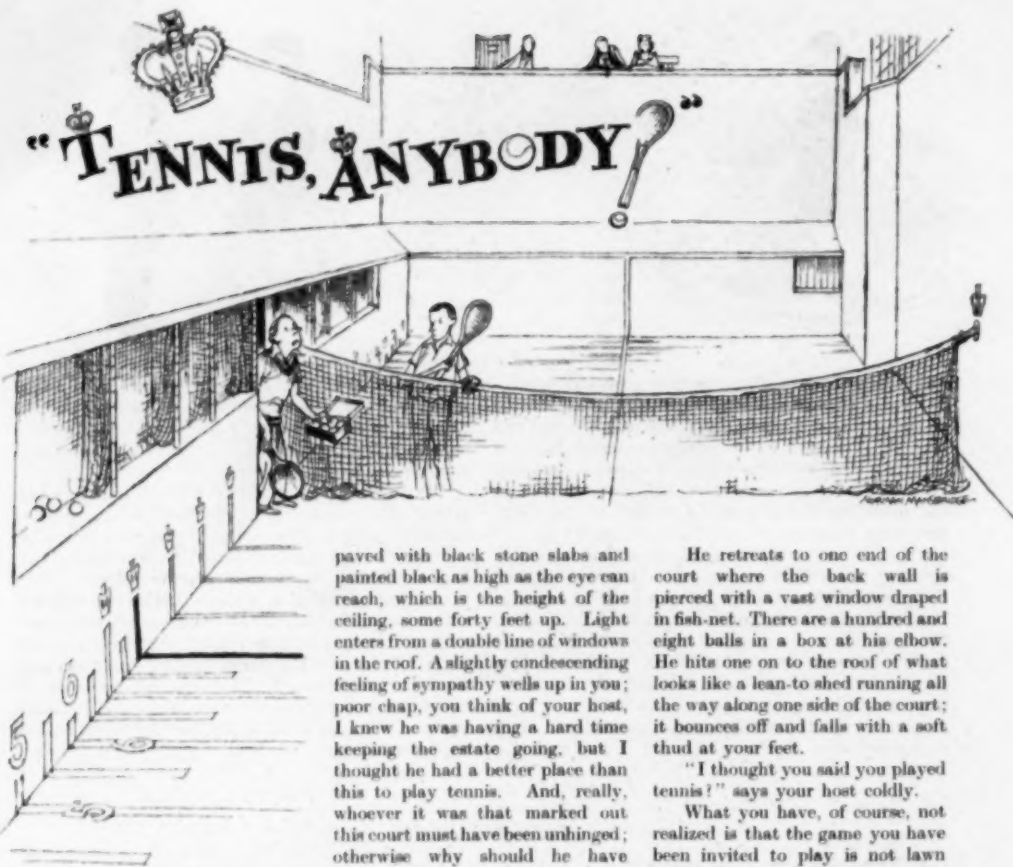
Yes, give it a chance, it'll flap like hell—

But it doesn't: I've tried it, every bell,

And I shouldn't be trying it anyway,

Me, with the house to do.

ANDE



"TENNIS, anybody?"

The old country-house battle-cry rings out and you are on your feet in a flash. Ever since the day you won the gents' singles in the local tournament you have waited for this. Your host's invitation has hardly echoed three times round the rafters of his ancestral hall before you have changed into your immaculate white flannels, tucked your two rackets under your arm (or more, if you take the game seriously), and leaped into the garden with a gay smile.

"The court's through here," says your host, leading you back into the house. You follow him, slightly mystified, into a vast room

paved with black stone slabs and painted black as high as the eye can reach, which is the height of the ceiling, some forty feet up. Light enters from a double line of windows in the roof. A slightly condescending feeling of sympathy wells up in you; poor chap, you think of your host, I knew he was having a hard time keeping the estate going, but I thought he had a better place than this to play tennis. And, really, whoever it was that marked out this court must have been unhinged; otherwise why should he have traversed it with green lines every yard from base-line to net, and carried some of them a few feet up the wall at that, and then painted royal crowns in green and red all over the place? Resisting a temptation to pat your host on the shoulder you step forward to tighten the net, which is sagging mournfully from a height of five feet or so at the edges to three feet in the middle.

"Don't do that," says your host testily. "Here," he adds, "you'd better have a proper racket"; and he passes you a curious implement with a square wooden handle some fifteen inches long and a lopsided head about ten inches along its major diameter. "Rough," he says, spinning the equally asymmetrical tool he is holding. "I'll serve."

He retreats to one end of the court where the back wall is pierced with a vast window draped in fish-net. There are a hundred and eight balls in a box at his elbow. He hits one on to the roof of what looks like a lean-to shed running all the way along one side of the court; it bounces off and falls with a soft thud at your feet.

"I thought you said you played tennis?" says your host coldly.

What you have, of course, not realized is that the game you have been invited to play is not lawn tennis, or even table tennis, but TENNIS. Sometimes nowadays it is called real tennis, sometimes royal tennis, sometimes (according to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*) court tennis or Lord's tennis. But this is the old, original game of tennis, of which King Henry the Fifth, or at any rate William Shakespeare, was thinking when he said:

*When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace,
play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases.*



The game, as we now know—or don't know—it, has been virtually unchanged since Henry the Eighth played it on his court at Hampton Court, where, if he were still alive and not too senile, he might play it now. M. de Garsault claims in *The Art of the Tennis-Racket-Maker and of Tennis* that the Greeks and Romans knew the game. To judge from the shape of the court, however, the tennis of our day grew up in the cloisters of abbeys and monasteries where, no doubt, the monks extemporized their exercise by patting a ball of rolled-up rags about with their hands.

Tennis as practised for the last five centuries or so is played in a covered court about ninety feet long by thirty wide. The exact dimensions are variable, and unimportant. Around three sides of the court runs the penthouse, five feet from the edge of the court, seven feet high, and bearing a roof that slants at forty-five degrees. In the penthouse at the server's end of the court is a window, some twenty-two feet wide, giving on to the dedans—a kind



of gallery inside the penthouse. As the dedans is a favourite place for spectators, and as the balls are of the hardness of fives balls and weigh a couple of ounces apiece, the dedans is protected by a rope net.

Looking out from the dedans, you see another small opening at the far end of the court, on the right-hand side. This opening, called the grille, is closed with boards, and looks exactly like a shuttered window; which originally it was. On the left are the galleries, which are windows in the long side of the penthouse. They are called (starting from the dedans end) the

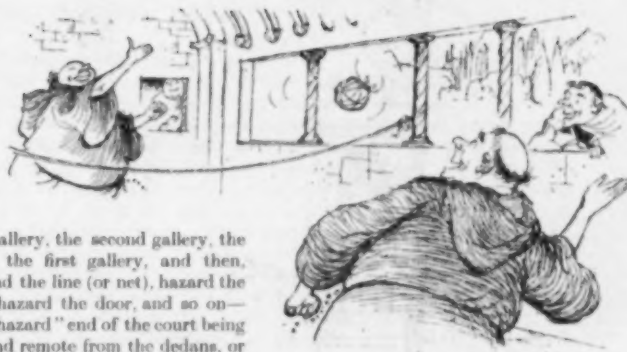
last gallery, the second gallery, the door, the first gallery, and then, beyond the line (or net), hazard the first, hazard the door, and so on—the "hazard" end of the court being the end remote from the dedans, or "service" end.

To complete the complexities of the court, there is an eighteen-inch buttress with an oblique face at the hazard end of the right-hand wall. This is called the tambour.

The whole is painted black. According to M. de Garsault's book "the masters of tennis make this black themselves . . . Take half a hog'shead of ox's blood, 14 bushels of lamp-black, 10 galls of oxen to dilute the lamp-black, and a bucket of wine to give sheen to the composition." I think Mr. Jack Groom, the professional at Lord's, from whose copy of de Garsault I quote, uses a less extravagant formula.

To describe the game in detail would be a long business, and it could in any case only be clear to anyone who has seen it played. The players hold their rackets half-way up the handle and adopt a crouching pose designed to keep the head of the racket above the wrist and the ball low. Service is always from the "service" end, and the ball must first pitch on the penthouse roof.

The scoring is basically as in lawn tennis, but more complex. Besides the familiar ways of gaining points, there are also what are known as "chases." You make a chase if you hit the ball into a gallery on your opponent's side of the net, or if he allows it to bounce twice. If its second bounce lands, say, just beyond the three-yard line, you have made a chase of three yards, and he must attack it by scoring a better chase, i.e. one further from the net. There is no score for a chase, but when two



chases have been made the players change ends (and therefore service).

But the only way to understand the game is to see it played. Since there are no more than fourteen courts in use in England, this is not so easy; Londoners, at any rate, may do so at Lord's, or at Queen's Club, or at Hampton Court.

Should the reader not feel the above data sufficient to enable him to decide whether or not the game is worth watching—or playing—I might add that Mr. Groom, a former professional champion, imputes to it the beneficent qualities not only of tennis and rackets but also of cricket and chess. It is small wonder that a game at once so salutary and so intellectual should have been singled out, as de Garsault (whose great work, I am sorry to say, has been published in English only in a limited edition of two hundred copies) reports, as the sole game to be described by the French Royal Academy of Sciences.

B. A. Young





"From up there we must look like busy little ants."

THE COSMIC MESS

SPARE a kind thought, uncountable readers, for the late Mr. Albert Edward Taylor, or rather for a late citizen who may or may not have been Mr. Albert Edward Taylor. It is a sad story. He died in a London hospital. He had in his pocket a ration book and an identity card with those names. The same name was tattooed on his left arm. A butcher, two London hostels, a National Assistance office and a Ministry of Labour office all had his name on their lists. But no one could remember his face; and no one came forward to identify him. At the inquest therefore he "was recorded as an unknown man."

The Coroner said something which will shock many good and careful citizens:

"Although the man had a ration book and identity card with him, there is no proof that he was, in fact, Albert Edward Taylor."

SHERLOCK HOLMES

The same thing presumably would have been said if he had carried a birth certificate, a dog licence and a National Health Insurance card. Mr. Taylor was born in 1884, and it is a little sad to think that after sixty-eight years upon this planet he had not impressed his modest face on the mind of any living person. It is also disturbing to realize how valueless are the documents we carefully carry about. Civilized society is now so suspicious that it will not accept the evidence of its own certificates. The tattoo, coupled with the documents, would have been enough for Sherlock Holmes: but nothing is enough for suspicious society to-day.

FRIED FISH

So Albert Edward Taylor, officially, is still alive. But how is he getting on without his ration card? Mr. Taylor may have had a wife: he may have deserted her many years ago. What is her position now? Suppose she goes to the Court and asks for her marriage to be dissolved on the ground of "presumption of death." Can the

Court disagree with the Coroner? Will they have to dig poor Mr. Unknown up? Awful thought, perhaps even the wife would not recognize the unobtrusive fellow. And he might have been cremated. Another thought. What is to prevent some low fellow of about the right age from saying that he is Albert Edward Taylor—and getting another ration card? No one can remember his face, so no one can prove that anyone is not he. As Mr. (now Sir Rupert) de la Bère, M.P., used to bellow in the House of Commons: "Is not the whole thing extremely unsatisfactory?"

REAL GEMS

How do you like our "cross-headings"? By the way, this column is starting a Museum of Crazy Cross-headings, and real gems will be gratefully accepted from the uncountables. But they must be utterly crazy, like the one above. The official excuse for cross-headings is that (a) they "break the page up" and keep the reader awake (the assumption being that no modern person can read more than a few lines of unbroken prose without falling into a coma or wandering off to another column), (b) that they indicate the subject-matter of a new paragraph or section, and so (c) (i) induce the reader to stagger on to another stage, or (ii) bring in new readers who could not possibly be expected to read the whole article.

THREE STARS

This column thinks that (a) is a "defeatist" doctrine. It also thinks that cross-headings are a waste of space in days when paper is hard to get. It is sorry for the author who has sixty brilliant words cut out to make way for a cross-heading or three stars. But all Fleet Street is against it, and it is willing to parley, and even make peace, on one condition—that the practical purposes (b) and (c) are fulfilled. By "real gem" is meant a cross-heading which gives no hint of what the paragraph is about, offers no inducement to any reader, old or new, and emphasizes some quite unimportant point or phrase. The harassed sub-editor glances down the paragraph, grabs the first two or three words that catch his eye, and puts them at the top. Anything will do to "break the thing up."

Dullest Day

Most of us do not even read the cross-headings, and the collector will find that the study of them brings a new delight to newspaper-reading. Even on the dullest day when "there is nothing in the papers" (wonderful, ungrateful words!) there is nearly always a "gem" somewhere. Collectors are invited to keep an eye on the great *Times* itself. The Thunderer—very rightly—does not think it necessary to "break up" its fine leading articles; but there are always three—sometimes a gem—in the turn-over article on the same page.

GOOD SELECTING

Special prizes are offered for good "Lost Balloon" pieces. Sometimes the sub-editor selects a good cross-heading, but later, for one reason or another, the words which prompted it have to be cut. It is too late, though—or they forget—to change the cross-heading: so there it remains, like a drifting captive balloon, dangling a cable but parted from its base. What on earth, for example, does **FRIED FISH** (above) refer to? No matter. The page has been "broken up." A. P. H.



ROY DAVIS

SPORTING CHARACTERS

A Dramatic Fragment

QUENTIN DURWARD. I remember that Sir Walter used to call cricket a waste of something—time, I think it was. He was a man of uncommonly varied prejudices and I was sorry when it was time to leave him, though I sold well, so well that dear Peveril was quite piqued.

PORTHOS. I love cricket. It's a pity that Dumas would never let us chaps play. D'Artagnan would have made a good forcing bat and Aramis could have put a swerve on a ball like J. W. H. T. Douglas.

MISS MATTY. There's never been a wicket-keeper like Hobbs.

PORTHOS. True enough, if you think of it, true enough.

MISS MATTY. To us girls, W. G. Grace could not hold a candle to Hobbs.

PORTHOS. If Hobbs had held a candle to Grace he would have gone up in clouds of smoke.

QUENTIN DURWARD. Did Hobbs keep a straight bat? That is always regarded as a test of character, and

I don't see why it shouldn't be regarded as a test of cricket.

MISS MATTY. It depended where the ball was. He varied his strokes quite cunningly.

RAFFLES. Did you ever see Ranji play rugger? Sorry, but I had my fill of cricket when I was working for that Hornung. How I longed for a rest after a hard game instead of having to go off riding rooms!

QUENTIN DURWARD. When did the gutty come into use in first-class cricket? That is the kind of point that Sir Walter liked to make notes about.

MISS MATTY. Treating the question as rhetorical, if not worse, I will revive the conversation by remarking that, despite Ranji's back-play, he was not to be counted equal to Hobbs. Even A. C. Maclaren's 424 against Somerset in 1895 does not lift him into the Hobbs class.

PORTHOS. In any case, the record was beaten by





W. H. Ponsford; but what about A. E. J. Collins? 628 in an innings in 1899.

MISS MATTY. It was only a junior house-match at Clifton.

ARCHDEACON GRANTLEY. Anyone coming to Lord's? This is just to give me an opportunity of describing at some length the Gentlemen v. Players match of 1894. I will begin by imitating the bowling of S. M. J. Woods.

QUENTIN DURWARD. Surely he used a hard ball?

ARCHDEACON GRANTLEY. Well, I haven't got one. You must just imagine that this ping-pong ball is larger and redder and more resistant to percussion.

PORTHOS. No ball. How is Mrs. Proudie?

ARCHDEACON GRANTLEY. She is umpiring at the moment. Fore!

RAFFLES. Do you think that Mr. Trollope would like you to turn into a Sporting Parson?

ARCHDEACON GRANTLEY. I've always felt he never realized my full potentialities.

FATHER BROWN. I'd swap my career for yours any day. A dud cheque or two was the worst you ever had to face. You've never known what it is to be a human ferret.

QUENTIN DURWARD. Talking of potentialities, Sir Walter used to say that Rebecca and Rowena would have been two of the best whist players in the country if only cards had been invented. How would you rank Hobbs as a whist player?

MISS MATTY. High, oh very high; but I do not want to appear a one-man fan, so I will remind you of C. Blythe's 17 wickets in a day in Kent v. Northamptonshire in 1907, and buttress my information by referring you to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 14th edition.

QUENTIN DURWARD. Now the days are drawing in, I must study Bradshaw.

PORTHOS. Don't you mean Widen?

QUENTIN DURWARD. That would not be much help in getting to Grimsby, where I want to see the

curious combination of clerestory and triforium in the parish church.

MISS MATTY. I can't find it in the *Britannica*.

QUENTIN DURWARD. This particular ambition was fired by *Muirhead's Guide to England*.

PORTHOS. What does it say about Grace?

QUENTIN DURWARD. He lived at 15 Victoria Square, Bristol.

ARCHDEACON GRANTLEY. There was more to him than that. Did you ever get any loot off him, Raffish?

RAFFLES. I do not care for nicknames. As a matter of fact, he once got my pads off me when he was keeping wicket; but one does not care to dwell on episodes like that.

MISS MATTY. Just listen to this. "In 1927 only an 11th-hour and most unexpected defeat by the championship's newest recruit, Glamorgan, robbed Notta of the leadership." That's the kind of episode to dwell on, if one must dwell on episodes. Lancashire, by the way, ended at the head of the table. I think the account must be slightly compressed.

PORTHOS. Let us talk of Hutton, I mean the cricketer, not the one who edited *The Spectator*.

MISS MATTY. They seem to be a versatile family. One wrote a life of Archbishop Laud. I do not think that Hobbs has ever gone in for ecclesiastical biography.

ARCHDEACON GRANTLEY. One likes to think of Laud married to Mrs. Proudie.

PORTHOS. *Revenons a nos Huttons*. In 1938 he made 364 against Australia.

MISS MATTY. You are using the *Daily Mail Yearbook* for 1950. It's not fair.

QUENTIN DURWARD. Real cricket-fiends wear detachable cuffs printed with inextinguishable facts. You never see them actually consulting their authorities. Sir Walter, now, would have done well as a cricketing novelist: he always got up plenty of detail. So many of the moderns seem jejune compared with him.

AGED INTERLOPER. Lord's has never been the same since the Parliament Act.

FISIS

R. G. G. PRICE



The Watch Dog

WHEN my wife tells people about when we were burgled, she calculates back by way of the dog's age and the month Miriam Knockenlocker, the editress of *Lady and Leisure*, got herself married. There was a full-length portrait of Miss Knockenlocker on the front cover of the magazine, and things must have been a bit muddled in the office, because the answer to my wife's letter about the blouse patterns wasn't on Pauline Pruno's Page; it was on Dr. Hoopoe's—Dr. Hoopoe being a leading psychiatrist and exclusive consultant to *Lady and Leisure's* readers.

Well, Mrs. Hackenstraw—it said, half-way down a column between a view of New Brighton and some diagrams showing how to straighten your nose—many women of your weight and colouring exhibit the symptoms you describe. If you will send me your real name, I will forward under plain cover the address of a reliable firm of Nut Food Manufacturers. Meanwhile why not buy a dog or take up an outdoor hobby?

My wife was very excited about this. She said it showed what an interest Dr. Hoopoe took.

"How does he mean about your real name?" I said.

"There's a dog mart down by the bus station on Tuesday evenings," my wife said, and after supper the same day, when she'd settled the animal on my chair, she said we'd have to think of a name to suit him.

I said nothing, as neutrally as I could manage.

"I think maybe 'Harrison,'" my wife said. "I think he just looks 'Harrison,' and he's going to be a great, big, dignified, man dog when he grows up, aren't, you Bo-bo?" And that was how the dog got called Bo-bo.

He caused a good deal of interest in the neighbourhood, particularly among the rougher element, and when we went for a walk in the park crowds used to gather to listen to my wife calling him, under the impression she was a mezzo-soprano tuning up for an open-air concert, and I got into the habit of mingling with these crowds and pretending to be a spectator.

But the trouble really started when my wife decided the dog ought to be trained. "They're happier when they know what's expected of them," she said, and she bought a sixteen-foot leash and a book called *Give Your Chum a Chance*.

The book said it all had to be done by kindness, and never to beat a dog, and the first day out with the sixteen-foot leash we brought down two old ladies, a post office messenger, and a man who gave his name as Mr. H. J. Smout and said we would be hearing from his solicitors.

"Don't speak crossly to your dog when he jumps up at you," the book said; "just grasp his front paws firmly and tread on his back feet . . ." "Take him out in the country and dodge down in the bracken," it said. "Let him think he's lost you and then call him, and you won't have any more

trouble about him not answering his name."

It was towards the end of his second year that Bo-bo began to develop insomnia. We tried everything in the way of soothing draughts and avoidance of excitement, but in the end the only thing that would answer was for my wife to read Beatrix Potter to him while I spoon-fed him with gruel until he dropped off, and then as like as not he'd wake up before we'd got ourselves to bed.

The night we were burgled he went right off in the middle of *The Tale of Two Bad Mice* and my wife said afterwards he must have sensed something. "They know," she said.

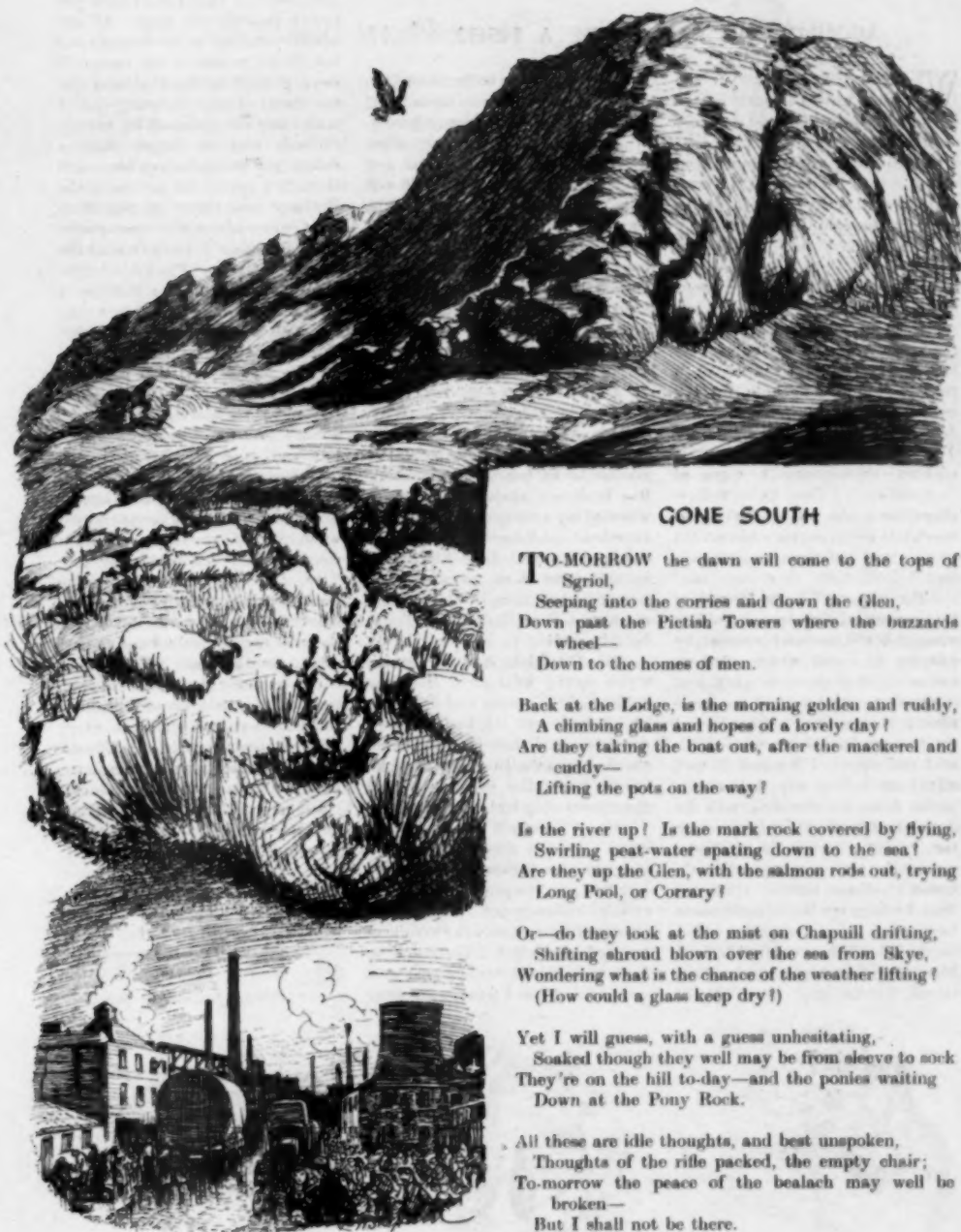
We were wakened just after midnight. "Listen!" my wife said, and sure enough you couldn't hear anything. The dog had stopped snoring. Then the lights went on down below and we could hear people moving about, and my wife decided I should go down.

I got as far as the landing and there was Bo-bo, fangs bared, dribbling, and a mean look in his eye. I tried to pass and he practically took a piece out of my leg, so I tried to point him in the other direction but he wasn't having any. I fetched my wife and we just had to stand there and watch the burglars taking the stuff out of the house. The taller one, who seemed to be the foreman, was a well-spoken man wearing a dark suit and brown gym-shoes. "That's a fine dog you have there, ma'am," he said to my wife. "That's what I call a watch dog!"

I could tell my wife was pleased with the compliment, but the dog never really recovered from the nervous upset. We took him away for a holiday but he got bitten by a sheep, and it was after this that my wife accepted an offer for him from a tall, well-spoken man in a dark suit.

We were sorry to part with him, but we had to think of his happiness, and as my wife says—what a trained dog needs is regular work.





GONE SOUTH

TO-MORROW the dawn will come to the tops of
Sgrìol,
Sleeping into the corries and down the Glen,
Down past the Pictish Towers where the buzzards
wheel—
Down to the homes of men.

Back at the Lodge, is the morning golden and ruddy,
A climbing glass and hopes of a lovely day!
Are they taking the boat out, after the mackerel and
cuddy—
Lifting the pots on the way?

Is the river up? Is the mark rock covered by flying,
Swirling peat-water spating down to the sea?
Are they up the Glen, with the salmon rods out, trying
Long Pool, or Corrary?

Or—do they look at the mist on Chapuill drifting,
Shifting shroud blown over the sea from Skye,
Wondering what is the chance of the weather lifting?
(How could a glass keep dry?)

Yet I will guess, with a guess unhesitating,
Soaked though they well may be from sleeve to sock
They're on the hill to-day—and the ponies waiting
Down at the Pony Rock.

All these are idle thoughts, and best unspoken,
Thoughts of the rifle packed, the empty chair;
To-morrow the peace of the bealach may well be
broken—
But I shall not be there.

WOULD YOU RATHER BE A FISH?

WHEN I am standing in the pouring rain, eleventh in the queue for a bus which will certainly be full if I haven't missed it, so that I can go home after seeing a film about women being hit on the head with revolvers by men in stolen cars, my thoughts turn eventually to the tridactylous, and I am consoled.

I know next to nothing about the finch, and the common hedge-sparrow is a mystery to me. But the tridactylous stands out tragically in my mind, because of a passage in the Natural History section of my favourite book—John Jos. Stockdale's *Encyclopedia for Youth* (1807). I cannot read it without experiencing a wave of compassion. "They have a bare place near the eyes," says Mr. Stockdale in his suave, undecorated prose, "and but three toes to each foot."

The picture I have formed of this unfortunate creature, stumbling along as best it can, and occasionally pausing to comb a few feathers across its bare place, is vivid and distressing. And yet, at the same time, it is comforting. What have I got to complain about, when all is said and done? I'll admit I can't afford to collect my light beige jacket from the cleaner's, and the nearer I get to the Third Programme the louder becomes the oriental cross-talk act on approximately four-sixty-three metres. But at least I can enjoy the advantages of having five toes to each foot. How happy I should be, then, not to have been born a tridactylous! (They travel, by the way, into different

climates, according to Mr. Stockdale, and I can't say I blame them. But I don't suppose it does any good.)

There are, of course, many other uncomfortable creatures, as any student of Mr. Stockdale will tell you. Consider for a moment the thon, a kind of tunny. It doesn't seem to have any bare places, but it has another singular misfortune: "when they voyage, they form a kind of parallelogram, which appears on the top of the water following a ship sometimes for a great distance, and all at once dispersed by a loud discharge of artillery, or sudden clap of thunder." Why, good heavens, I have the audacity to grumble because mushrooms are one-and-six a quarter and someone has broken a spoke in the front wheel of my auto-cycle, when all the time here are those thons careering pell-mell up and down the ocean in the form of a parallelogram, pursued by thunder-claps and discharges of artillery! I ought to be ashamed!

Mr. Stockdale says they sometimes spring with force from the surface of the water, and I am not at all surprised. I imagine they swear a good deal too, and form themselves into isosceles triangles for a few miles every now and then, muttering bad-temperedly.

Oh, I'll admit I have to sit down for a few minutes after running up four flights of stairs; and I'm not going to pretend that a big yellow chimney-pot hasn't just blown off the roof into the middle of my bed of parsley. There are no buttons on my winter overcoat, and sometimes when I yawn something

goes click! so that I can't close my mouth properly for days. All my draws turn out to be homes, and last Friday a man at the door sold me a gross of blades that won't fit my razor. I have no coal; when I took away the upturned bucket my rhubarb was no bigger than a radish; my ball-point pen has rolled through a gap at the bottom of the skirting-board; there is something very funny about this meat-paste; and now a man is going to read the nine o'clock news. But I don't care, because I am neither a blue nor a variegated gomphony fish, "the snout of which is very like a nail." Nor am I an opiaphalus, which lives, of all places, on the coast of Coromandel, and "either creeps in the mud or plunges boldly forward." I can't find out why it does this, but you may be sure it has a disability of some kind. No head, probably, or three feet to a leg.

I shall laugh softly to myself when the next two-inch worm comes out of my cold-water tap. "Ha, ha!" I shall shout in the restaurant when next I plunge my hand boldly forward down the lining of my sleeve: "I am no part of any parallelogram, and my snout is not remotely like a nail!" I shall sing with joy when soot falls down the chimney, and smile at every Irish shilling I get in my change. For oh! tridactylous, although the bare place near my eyes persists, it won't spread any farther, if my barber's any judge.

ALEX ATKINSON

Lincoln Dialect

"Agistment to let on very good
cldish.—Bailey, Wyberton West Rd.,
Boston."

Advt. in *Lincolnshire Standard*



WALK INTO MY PARLOUR

ALL Mr. Tissel needs is six more legs and a haircut to make a pretty good spider. Watchful and still, he broods in the shadows of his hardware shop—unfortunately the only one for streets and streets—ready to spring out and give customers his special service before they know what's happened to them.

With eager, bony hands, he will go to a great deal of trouble to put a really good wrapping around a bottle of strong, fumey household bleach for you, for which you thank him very much until you come to unwrap it and note the picturesque ruin which passes for a cork. If cup-hooks are ten for fivepence, you will find that you have carelessly lost one on the way home; and many's the puzzled post-mortem you will hold in the street over your hotly clutched handful of change.

Mr. Tissel's aged mother, the greyish-black widow who has raised eleven, comes lurching downstairs to help in the shop when there's a rush on. Her cunning blackcurrant eyes fill with sentimental tears about honesty and goodwill and things of that sort, and the protests hoarsely that the old firm would never do you, dear, not for a halfpenny—which is true enough, a shilling being nearer the old firm's mark.

I must say, though, that Mr. Tissel has both skill and a good memory, never cheating you the same way twice. During the last six months I have had from him, in this order: drawing-pins that lay down to rest; threepence short during a big fly-paper deal; a lovely pink dish-mop that drove an inch-long

splinter into my wrist, and a special new safety night-light that set the tea-cosy on fire in five minutes.

If a little sordid, the shop does provide drama. One sees muscular women decked out in metal hair-curlers and squashed bedroom slippers who call the proprietor Twister Tissel right to his face, in half-serious banter which has on more than one occasion ended in a howling row, with mother spider audible in the next street and several brand-new tin kettles dented; or a giant road-mender with a beautiful sun-tan and a plunging neckline, who puts his face up very close to the face of Mr. Tissel and asks gently whether he would care to have his conk busted.

The old firm just smiles with oily goodwill and tells his public (1) that the goods was in perfect condition when they left his hands; and (2) we must of made a error about the money; we can come round the back, if we care to, and see the cash register for ourselves, look.

Time and again I vow that I am going to boycott Tissel's for evermore. Then comes a drenching wet day when I badly and immediately need some paste—and, first thing I know, I am caught in the web once more.

Defeating Mr. Tissel's rapid Abbott-and-Costello arithmetic by tendering the exact fare as suggested by the London Transport, I feel pretty shrewd for at least twenty minutes, until I try out the new paste and discover that it sticks at nothing. Then I say that one of



"But we've been to Naples already."

these days there's going to be a big showdown.

This long-awaited event took place last week when I reluctantly visited Tissel's to buy washing soda. Into the shop ahead of me moved an unsteady old shabby man—one of those mysterious little scuttlers who keep their eyes lowered as they steal out from the damp basements of once-grand houses. Mr. Tissel jumped out at the ready, and the scuttler, on tiptoe and clutching the high counter like a child, piped that he would like some kitchen soap—just the one, Mr. Tissel, please.

"Certainly, dad!" beamed the old firm. "Here you are, fivepence-ha'penny." Half a crown passed from Dad's shaking hand into Mr. Tissel's keeping.

"A ha'penny, that's sixpence," chanted Mr. Tissel glibly, warming to his work, "and three's nine, a



CLEVERLY

shilling, one-and-six, two. Much obliged, dad."

The little old man had reached the door before I realized that he'd been done out of sixpence.

"Wait!" I called urgently. "Your money's wrong." But the customer just hurried jerkily around the corner and vanished.

I was so angry that I lost all caution, turned to face Mr. Tissel and announced fiercely: "I've a good mind to go to the police!"

"Oh, please don't," whined Mr. Tissel uneasily. "Dad don't do it very often, only when he's broke. Canadian one this time," he added, opening his palm and exhibiting the old man's coin.

GERALDINE BUSSEY

"B.R.M. WILL BE SOLD—
ON WOUND UP."

South Wales Argus

Perhaps that will keep it going.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

"DEAR Sirs," began the Office Manager in an expressionless voice. "We thank you for your Order No. 80-and-so, dated 12th Sept., raising 20 collapsible lampshades, umbrella type, mottled, list price £4 17s. 6d. each. We hope to dispatch these goods within the next few days. Yours faithfully."

The Office Manager looked at me through narrowed lids. "Now," he said, and his fingers beat some tribal rhythm on his table, "this is no way to write to a customer."

"No!" I said, guardedly.

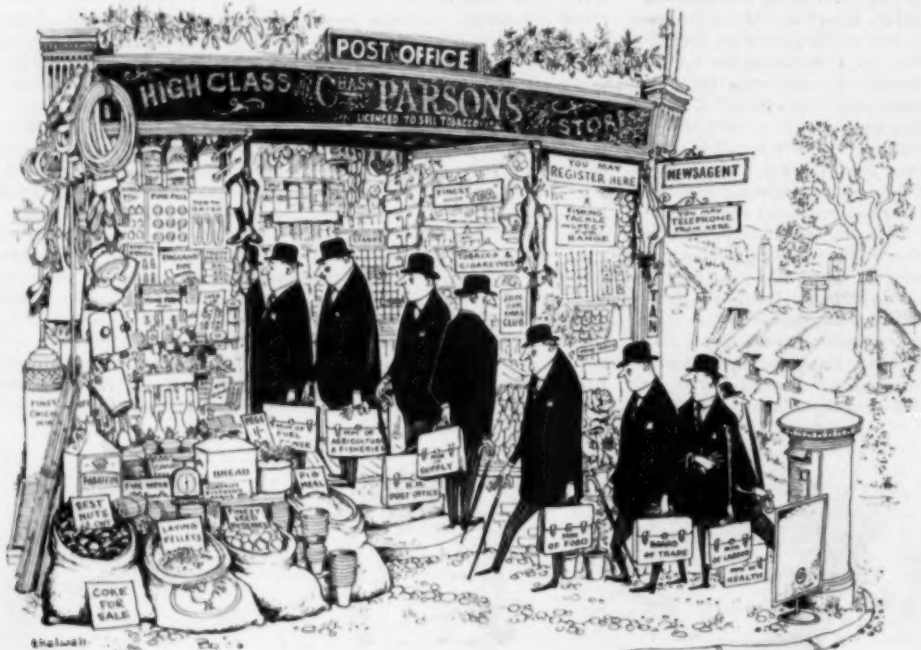
"The Managing Director," went on my superior, "is very concerned about the number of slipshod letters coming from the office. He says that he 'shudders to think'—his own phrase—of the business we may have lost through carelessly

composed, vague, and even disrespectful correspondence. 'Look, A. J.,' he said only yesterday, 'just glance through the Camshaft and Throttlebody file, for instance, and you'll see what I mean.'"

"The Camshaft correspondence is very tricky," I defended, "chiefly because whoever makes out their orders always puts the carbon paper in the wrong way round, and it sort of shines through, if you know what I mean. Anyhow, we've all had a dip at it . . ."

"R.G. says that he is not concerned with whether or not an order is ultimately completed. That's what he pays wages for. But he is concerned with tendencies. Suppose we take this letter I read out. Where is 'esteemed'? And 'to hand'?"

We bent together over the file.



"An order," said the Office Manager, "is always 'esteemed', or at least acknowledged in such a way that it must appear that we have been poised on our toes waiting to execute it immediately."

I said "But everybody knows that we can't..."

"Then," went on the Office Manager as though I had not spoken, "there's warmth, and friendliness—an atmosphere of—of..."

"Comaraderie?" I suggested.

"All right. Look at this—nothing at all in the middle to give confidence. It should have read: 'You are no doubt aware of the great difficulties with which the trade has to contend'—um—'on the materials situation and we know that our past endeavours on your behalf will ensure confidence that the order will be dealt with as expeditiously as possible in the circumstances.'" and the Office Manager leant back in his chair, breathing deeply.

"Don't you feel," I ventured, "that a comma..."

"No, I don't. However. Now—the last sentence. Dammit! Look what has happened! We've practically committed ourselves. Camshaft's will jump on this, and quote it to us, and try to pin us down, and..." He resumed the beating of the table. "And why aren't we 'glad' about it? And about here we should have reminded them tactfully that this is not the only line in lampshades we carry—for instance, that mushroom style we're landed with could easily have been pushed here... Well—and look at the ending. 'Yours faithfully.' Pah! Commonplace and meaningless. Where's 'your good selves' and 'assuring you of our best attention at all times and our closest attention to your future wishes'? Here—take it away."

I took the Camshaft and Throttlebody file back to my table. I re-read the letter, this time calmly and away from the suggestive influence of the Office Manager. I nodded now and again, pursing my lips. Then I happened to glance casually at the initials reference of the author.

They were "RG/KS."

FERGUSON MACLAY



Holloway

"You don't see snow like that nowadays."

THE MUSHROOM

PEARL-like, but stranger and finer than a pearl, is the mushroom button,

Expected and long looked for and suddenly beyond hope seen;

Shaped and striped and half-hidden by the imprisoning grasses,

Urgently, almost visibly, thrusting through the dark green;

Wet, and earth-cold, and soap-smooth to the fingers;

Richly and delicately scented of cow-dung and the dew;

Rigid and crisp to the grasp, and feather-light in the lifting;

Fruit of a night's growing, oddly, incomparably new.

Vast around us, the fields in the oblique and early sunlight

Fall to the cliff. Sunlit only in its topmost tree,

Side-screening the dip, the pinewood hangs upon the headland,

Breathless and enchanted against the creeping splendour of the sea.

Hazed with the promise of heat, cloudless to the white horizon,

Overarching and reflecting the windless levels of the bay,

Full of an Olympian air unearthly sweet in the nostrils,

Domed in duck-egg blue, the sky waits upon the day.

But our dome is here, here is our tangible perfection

Locked in a white globe, almost under our feet:

The first mushroom found in a field prodigal of mushrooms,

Pearl-perfect to the senses and fit for the gods to eat.

P. M. HUBBARD



DELIGHT OF THE UNEXPECTED

IT was a day to stir ambition.

The lecture room had been newly arrayed with things we had made out of clay, there was a clean roller towel on the thing it rolls on, and nobody had borrowed the thing itself as a roller for other clay. The kiln was purring warmly in the room at the back of the throwing room, and all the little cone-shaped things in the kila were glowing pinkly and bending at the apex as a reassuring sign that the glaze firing was going pretty well. And I had wedged a lump of clay and nobody was using the kick-wheel. She came across to me when I took possession of that wheel and gave it an experimental kick. "What are you going to make?" she said. She was surprised when I told her. It was really wisest to hedge.

"A teapot has to have a lid, you know," she said.

I pointed out that my jampot had a lid. She looked across the room at the shelf over where the kitchener used to be. "Yes," she agreed, but not emphatically. She added that it was best if a teapot had a lid that fitted. Because of steam.

"And it needs a handle," she said.

I had her there. My vase was not on the shelf across the room, with the other also-rans; it was toning up the lecture room. It was a very lovely vase with a Grecian neckline and three handles and I still thrilled every time I saw it.

"Why did it have all those handles?" she paused to inquire, side-tracked from the teapot subject.

"They all stayed on," I explained.

"You were practising?" she insisted. It was no use telling her that I was playing for safety and allowing for the things that could happen to one's best handles between the potting and the firing stage. And they were nicely equidistant about the neckline of the vase and I thought they added poise to it. The grey one with the curly end was particularly graceful.

"And a teapot has to have a spout," she added triumphantly.

"You could have a teapot like a jug, with a lip to it," I suggested.

She looked at me. "You could," she said. She sighed. "Well, perhaps you had better make the body of your teapot first. Are you going to throw it on the kick-wheel? Don't you think perhaps the electric wheel would be easier?"

"I like the kick-wheel," I said.

"Tell me if you want any help when you have brought up your body," she said, and went away.

I gave the kick-wheel a first kick and it started off in the wrong direction, but after that it behaved beautifully, and I treadled away with one foot and poured water over my clay with a piece of sponge and moulded it firmly between my hands and it rose up and belled out and I sliced the top neatly with the

bit of tin and stopped treadling and manoeuvred the body off the wheel. It was as easy as that.

"You know," she said, coming up while I was balancing the body on the largest tile, "that isn't bad. You'll want the calipers to measure for your lid, won't you, and remember to allow enough clay to fettle a handle on it. Next week."

The lid came up in a trim little curve, and I straightened the flange with the side of the set-square and calipered it to fit the teapot body and took it off the wheel and put it on another tile beside the rest of the teapot. It was that sort of day.

"You'll have to bring it up very narrow for the spout," she said, and I did it. There was an intoxication about the day. Other people came to look at my spout. It sat on its tile tenderly, like an elephant's trunk, and I bent it to curve fluently about the middle and then I made a handle.

"Next week," she said, "you will be able to fettle your lid and fix the handle and the spout."

I could hardly bear to leave the component parts of my teapot in the pottery room, but next week they were still there, intact, and so I mixed some clay to a smooth thick cream and stuck on the handle and the spout. While they dried I fettled the lid and made a very nice sunken knob in the middle of it. The thing about a sunken knob is that there is not so much of it to knock off as in the protruding sort.

When she came up to me my teapot was assembled, a round teapot, a squat teapot, a comfortable teapot, the sort of pot to sit happily besides the crumpets on the hearth.

"Did you make a hole for the tea to pour through before you stuck on the spout?" she said.

"What you could do," she added, "is to take something sharp and prick holes through the body with it. You want to be careful that you prick them into the spout and not round it. It's quite a good way, because it acts as a strainer for the tea-leaves, you know."

It was not while I was doing this that my teapot sprang a leak. That happened later on, in the biscuit firing.

SELLING BY EAR

EARLY in my chosen career of agricultural-lime selling I found myself confronted with a mystery.

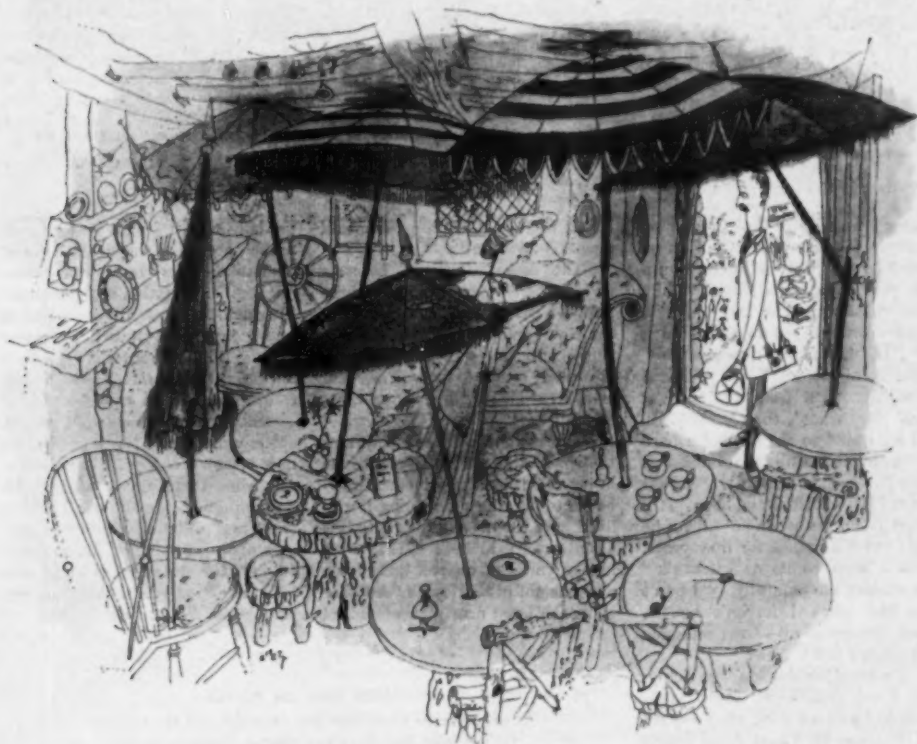
I had assumed that the way to sell lime to farmers was to talk about it shrewdly, if possible wittily, and in any case practically continuously until they bought some. I discovered, however, that in spite of an entertaining line of sales-talk dealing exhaustively with topics of vital interest such as Calcium Oxide Equivalents, soil colloids and the divergences between schools of agricultural thought on the question of the desirability of flocculating clay with lime, I was increasingly encountering farmers who had urgent

appointments with other farmers or fields of swedes. It is true they were often most courteous in their hasty farewells, and many of them even paused, before leaping into jeeps and whizzing regretfully away, to say how sorry they were that they saw ahead of them tightly packed programmes of activity for months—one man said three years; but I still felt that something was wrong somewhere.

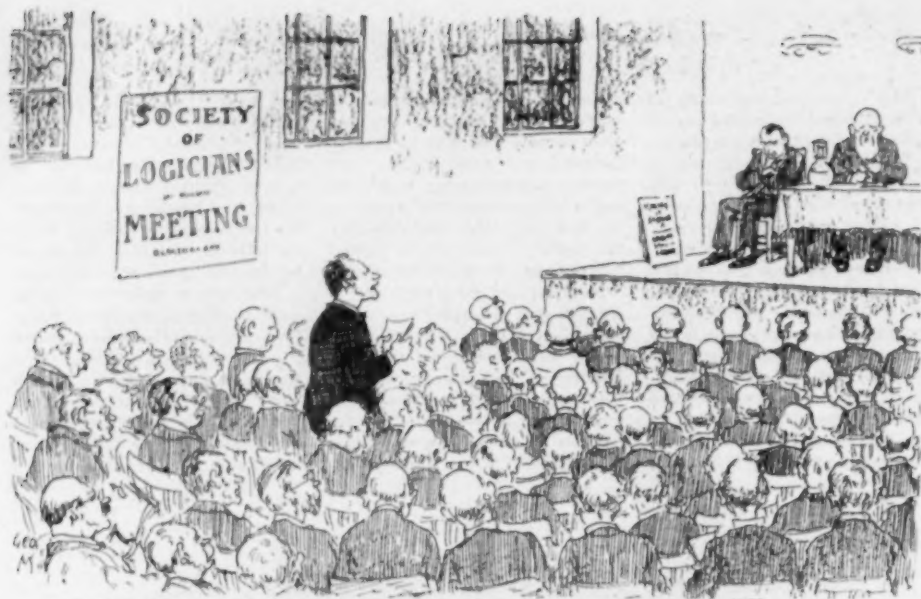
At first I thought that the Ministry of Agriculture must have been mistaken in its impression that much farmland was crying out for lime, and I posted a wad of their official leaflets to the Minister him-

self, with what I took to be unfounded assertions ringed in challenging oblongs of blue pencil and double-question-marked in the margin. Perhaps it was as well that I forgot to include my address for the reception of his defence, for on the following day a farmer altered my view by means of an oil drum.

He was a quiet man, clean shaven, with a mild manner. Before I could do more than announce that I was the new representative of Marveline Limited, he said warmly he was glad to meet me and he knew I was not like some salesmen he could name, all talk; talk the hind leg off a donkey. He could see at a



"Dear me, no! All teas inside after October 1st."



"Mr. Chairman, before we put the motion 'That the motion be now put,' should we not first put the motion 'That the motion 'That the motion be now put' be now put'?"

glance I wasn't like that. I nodded warily. He then told me of an oil salesman who had called on him a few years ago and so wearied him with chatter that he had bought a drum in order to get away from him.

"If I hadn't, he'd still be here, talking about oil," he affirmed earnestly. "I'll take my oath of that. But what's the result?" He led me round to the back of a barn and pointed to a dingy oil-drum on a stained wooden stand. "See that drum? It's got a little oil in. It'll never be empty when he calls, if he calls twice a month for fifty years. That's what comes of sales-talk." He nudged me painfully. "I don't say but what I haven't bought other drums of oil—from salesmen who *didn't* talk! See?"

I echoed his chuckle, less richly, but I was perturbed. For if salesmanship was not talk, what was it?

Fortunately I have never been a man short of theories; and I soon formed the working hypothesis that

if talk would not sell lime, non-talk must be tried out.

The same afternoon I let a farmer tell me, for fifty-three minutes, what had been lacking in the Government's attitude towards Agriculture since (I think) Disraeli. He then ordered forty yards of eighth carbonate for twenty acres of stubble.

The next day I gave a farmer the opportunity of explaining to me in broad outline the principal drawbacks to his wife's Uncle Fred, who lived with them. After seventy-one minutes he said he could do with ninety yards of quarter-inch down when he got his barley off. Another farmer ordered nearly two hundred

yards of eighth for his entire farm, to be spread as the fields became available, after only thirty-nine minutes' explanation of the manner in which he personally would have approached himself if it had been he, and not another, who had been authorized to call on him with a view to inducing him to grow lucerne.

Since then I have sold almost entirely by ear. My one anxiety now is how I am going to make a sale when I run into a farmer with no troubles whatever to get off his chest and no improvements to suggest in the running of the country. In fact the dread of meeting this type has haunted me daily, on my rounds, for the last six years.

REFLECTION ON POOLS

ALAS, we must exchange, ere autumn gild the thicket,
Or ere from London skies the fog-bound root fall,
The Glorious Uncertainty of Cricket
For the maddening inconsistency of football.

at the PLAY

Hanging Judge (New)—Second Threshold (VAUDEVILLE)

A PLAY that in retrospect shows serious cracks can sometimes be surprisingly effective in the theatre. *Hanging Judge*, based by Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY on a novel by Mr. BRUCE HAMILTON, comes to bits at the first tap. It asks us to believe that a judge notorious for his harsh sentences keeps a mistress in the country, under a pseudonym, and has never been discovered; and that having then been traced to his hideout by a revengeful illegitimate son, who kills himself in circumstances that suggest murder, the judge pushes the body down a well, fobs off the local detectives, and returns to London convinced he is safe from recognition. With his habits of mind one would have expected him to call the police immediately, but panic is fairly an imponderable.



(Hanging Judge)
Sir Francis Brittain—
Sir Godfrey Tearle

Our credulity is further strained, however, by club scenes in which a Home Secretary behaves like a broody hen, an irresponsible M.P. tampers shamelessly with the law, and a female witness is interviewed in the sanctity of the smoking-room. From the moment a Chief Constable spots him over a dry martini the judge is for it, doomed by his blind faith in the infallibility of a British court, and only when he is in the condemned cell does a diabolically-timed confession from his dead son leave him free, and quite broken.

But although Mr. MASSEY's machinery creaks so stridently, his main situation is good: the shattering discovery by a man of studiously cold intellect that he is himself capable of the abject stampede he has never been willing to credit in his judicial victims. The point could have been made stronger by an actor less attractive than Sir GODFREY TEARLE, who is by nature incapable of playing a man violently disliked; but once the judge becomes a human being Sir GODFREY's splendid voice and presence make him a stirring figure. *Hanging Judge* is not unexciting as a melodrama if you are prepared to sink reason and accept it as such. Mr. MICHAEL POWELL's hard-hitting production helps us to do so, and though the cast has weaknesses there are several very useful members, notably Mr. JOHN ROBINSON, Mr. PETER WILLIAMS and Mr. JOHN BYRON.

Second Threshold, a much smoother piece, struck me as phony. Left unfinished by the late Mr. PHILIP BARRY, and revised by Mr. ROBERT SHERWOOD, it also has for hero a hard old man—in this case an American statesman—who learns humanity rather late in the day. Losing interest in life, and depressed by his daughter's impending marriage to someone older than himself (an escape at all costs from his intolerable egotism) he is on the verge of suicide; and the play

describes his desperate rescue by his daughter. This could have been moving had he not given the fatal impression of being only a poseur, flinging wisecracks at his family while fingering guns and nooses like a tiresome schoolboy; and the process of his education is held up by so much icy flippancy that we have to wait until the last scene for



(Second Threshold)
Josiah Bolton—Mr. CLIVE BROOK
Miranda Bolton—
Miss MARGARET JOHNSTON

his crust to break—by which time a report off-stage would have lost for me what little melancholy it might ever have had. All the same, both father and daughter are played so well that the evening is almost saved. Mr. CLIVE BROOK walks a slack-wire of superfluous words with masterly agility, and Miss MARGARET JOHNSTON, who needs no words to give terror to inner torment, compels our sympathy. Mr. WILLIAM SYLVESTER and Miss PATRICIA OWENS are good in support, as a blant young doctor and the kind of adolescent minx who might have been a bore.

Recommended

Romeo and Juliet (Old Vic), a production of rare vigour. *The River Line* (Lyric, Hammersmith), a strong play, for argument. *Bleak House* (Ambassadors), Emyln Williams' marvellous solo Dickens.

ERIC KEWEN

at the PICTURES

My Wife's Best Friend—Carson City

THAT imagination of yours," says the husband to the wife a few minutes after the beginning of *My Wife's Best Friend* (Director: RICHARD SALE)—"That imagination of yours is going to get you into trouble one of these days," and we recognize what we take to be an announcement of the theme of the picture. However, if that was meant to be the theme the emphasis changed in the making of it. To be sure, the wife (ANNE BAXTER) has at intervals a vision of herself as another kind of woman (facetiously displayed, top left, to the sound of quivering strings) and proceeds to adjust her behaviour accordingly; but these are not Walter-Mitty-like performances for personal satisfaction. The point of the story is that each new personality is adopted as a deliberate means of getting even with her husband (MACDONALD CAREY), who has rashly confessed to an exceedingly mild indiscretion with her "best friend." She does get into trouble, in the sense of almost breaking up her marriage, but more because she presses her revenge too hard than as a direct result of her imagination. This is an unpretentious domestic comedy, or

rather farce, which suffers from a tendency to exaggeration but is far from stupid, and has several really good points. It is trivial, certainly, and many of its laughs depend on the delighted recognition by married people in the audience of certain familiar, conventionally comic conjugal situations. Even so these are skilfully handled, and there are other kinds of laugh as well, not least in the dialogue, which without being at all acintillating has that constant, soothing gleam of intelligent flippancy. Miss BAXTER is always worth watching as she plagues Mr. CAREY with her successive exaggerations, and among the subsidiary figures is an endearing portrait of a sort of P. G. Wodehouse clergyman by CECIL KELLAWAY. The picture is no more than a time-waster, but there are degrees even in that category; this is one of the better examples.

You know what you are in for when you see the title *Carson City* (Director: ANDRÉ DE TOTH); that is, you may not know precisely which of the well-known constituents of the Western have been shuffled together this time, but you know the sort of impression the result will make. This is the one about bringing the railroad to somewhere or other against opposition, but there are two things that individualize it somewhat. One is the attention given to the problems of tunnelling through a mountain, the other is the colour process. It is in Warnercolor, which approaches the effect of some other non-Technicolor systems in suggesting that it works almost entirely with different blends of biscuit and blue, but produces a good many very pleasing compositions nevertheless. In places the sound, too, struck me as unusually good and convincing, notably some dialogue between two men walking along a street that did, for once, give the impression of voices heard in a street. There is at the beginning an



[*My Wife's Best Friend*]

Virginia Mason—ANNE BAXTER
Nicholas Reed—LEIF ERIKSON
George Mason—MACDONALD CAREY

expression of gratitude to the State of Nevada for help with "facts"; these would presumably be facts concerned with the actual place of the mountain tunnel and the difficulties of making it, for the story and characters conform to a pattern it is by now a bit late to thank anybody for. RANDOLPH SCOTT is the dashing engineer in charge, RAYMOND MASSEY is the gentlemanly champagne-loving villain, and the climax is a gun duel where the bullets at last whine as usual from rocks, but at first (an original touch) from the less perforable parts of a locomotive.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The outstanding films in London are still foreign ones: *Golden Marie*, or *Casque d'Or* (24/9/52), and fine confused feeding at the Berkeley, where the terrifying *Los Olvidados* is with the farcical *Drôle de Drame* (2/5/51).

The only new release reviewed here is *Meet Me To-night* (24/9/52), the Noël Coward trio: stagey but entertaining.

RICHARD MALLETT



[*Carson City*]

Silent Jeff Kincaid—RANDOLPH SCOTT
with unnamed adversary



Booking Office



Stevenson and Mason

Voyage to Windward. J. C. Furnas. *Faber*, 25/-.

A. E. W. Mason. Roger Lancelyn Green. *Parish*, 21/-.

IN the fifty-eight years since Robert Louis Stevenson's death the pendulum of opinion has swung wildly over his reputation. At first, as E. F. Benson said, he suffered the indignity of being pilloried in stained glass, while Fanny Stevenson urged the annexation of Samoa so that the grave might be in British soil, and great and little critics plunged into an orgy of ecstatic elegy. Later, led by George Moore, who went thoughtlessly on record as claiming that Stevenson imagined no human soul and invented no story that anyone would remember, the debunkers enjoyed a long and vicious fling. It was time the pendulum was brought with authority back to centre, as I think has now been done by an American critic, Mr. J. C. Furnas, in *Voyage to Windward*, a massive, careful and extremely readable biography.

He had three aces denied to his predecessors: an expert knowledge of the South Seas, research into unpublished papers at Yale, and access to recently freed letters from Stevenson to Mrs. Sitwell, the sympathetic confessor of his youth. With these advantages he has been able to dispose of a good deal of legend, the most important being the theory, inspired by the name "Claire" pencilled on a manuscript poem about parted lovers, that Stevenson had tried to marry a dazzling Highland girl from an Edinburgh brothel. This pretty tale crumbles in face of a letter which shows that he was in the habit of addressing Mrs. Sitwell as Claire, before he took to calling her Madonna.

It was a tragic life, but shot through with extraordinary comedy. That the aggressively Bohemian boy who rebelled against the well-padded Calvinism of Edinburgh should end in feudal glory in the Pacific was the best joke of all. The tight rein that Mr. Furnas keeps on his evident enthusiasm for his subject leaves a far stronger impression of Stevenson's quality and courage than the stained glass method could ever manage. He deals very fairly and fully with Fanny, whom Henry James unkindly called a "poor, barbarous, and merely instinctive lady"; she was trying and conceited, but to be the wife of an invalid genius was no sinecure, and the marriage seems to have worked. Mr. Furnas's literary assessments are shrewd, and he is never overwhelmed by the wealth of his material. To complain of his occasional weakness for words as terrible as "climatherapeutics" is not doing justice to a style that has irony as well as a pungent gift of phrase, and his wary attitude to the psychiatric approach increased my pleasure in this book. Nothing could be nicer than to learn that a lady who discovered deep symbolic significance in the shape of Stevenson's Samoan house had got the ground-plan wrong.

Far less critical is Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green's *A. E. W. Mason*. His choice of adjectives is too flattering to be fair to the true merit of Mason's work, and there are a wearying number of quotations from contemporary reviews and detailed descriptions of plots. In a word, one smells padding; but on Mason the man, as apart from the writer, Mr. Green is much more interesting, giving a life-size portrait of a robust and attractive character, overflowing with energy. Mason made his mark in Parliament, climbed Mont Blanc five times, at over seventy sailed his yacht through an Atlantic gale, and was beloved by a host of friends. The adventures with which he crammed his life were the raw stuff for fiction that was often uncommonly skilful, and nothing in his books was more exciting than his own Secret Service operations in the First War, when he spiked enemy activities in Spain and Morocco and finished by wrecking a German wireless station in Mexico. The success of his early novels saved him from a not very promising career on the stage, but already he had appeared in the first production of *Arms and the Man*, with Bernard Partridge. ERIC KEOWS

The White Lady. Leonard Dubkin. *Macmillan*, 6/6

One of the least known of Nature's children, the bat, which filled D. H. Lawrence with such horror, drew the young American naturalist, Leonard Dubkin, to a study of its habits which has resulted in a magical, almost fairy-tale book. His "White Lady" is a rare albino in a colony he found in a grotto in Chicago. He gives a fascinating example of the bat's "radar"—a constant stream of supersonic squeaks reflecting sound back to its ears so precisely that the White Lady



flew between the blades of an electric fan again and again like a child with a skipping-rope. The white bat, by illustrating the behaviour-pattern of the others, simplified his study of the colony; but many and ingenious were the author's devices for discovering the details of their lives. It is in the intuition with which he tries to enter into their feelings that he succeeds in making an unusual book attractive to the general reader as well as interesting to naturalists. R. C. S.

The Wreck of the "Maid of Athens." Emily Woodbridge; edited by Laurence Irving. *Iles* 12/6

It is the fashion among many moderns to dismiss Victorian woman as a helpless creature, swathed in petticoats and self-pity, given to fainting in emergencies and generally incapable of anything in the nature of initiative or courage. Evidence to the contrary is, of course, abundant; one need only cite the incredible resolution and endurance, both mental and physical, displayed by the delicately-nurtured Anglo-Indian women at the time of the Mutiny. Mr. Laurence Irving, in *The Wreck of the "Maid of Athens,"* adds yet another example to the many already existing of the way in which Victorian womanhood could rise to the sternest demands of misfortune. Mrs. Emily Woodbridge, wife of the captain of a 200-ton brigantine wrecked on the barren coast of Staten Island in the 1860s, tells the story of her experiences, mostly in diary form; and the way in which she copes with the difficulties and

hardships of her situation—not forgetting the imparting of religious instruction to the Boy—might well provide an example of steadfastness and courage even to the present generation. C. F. S.

The Home Book of French Cookery. Germaine Carter; with a Foreword by Sir Thomas Rapp. *Faber*, 15/-

Mrs. Carter, who spent part of her six years' sampling of German concentration camps in Brandenburg, turned her expert interest in cookery to making the best of such parcels as came the internees' way and embarked, at Sir Thomas Rapp's instancy, on the compilation of the cookery-book whose translation he introduces. She has not given in to a world of make-shifts—no Frenchwoman would. There is no "for butter read margarine" here. She gives us authentic French recipes and leaves us to make the best of them. True, she counts on the apparatus of a town kitchen and the materials of a country one—a conjunction seldom found here except in Soho. But any enterprising English cook can make use of her book. It opens endless vistas—adaptations and permutations of what little we can come by, and in this respect does credit to its concentration-camp origin. Its *pâtés*, apart from the *pâté d'alouettes*, are particularly recommended. H. F. E.

SHORTER NOTES

The Poetry of T. S. Eliot. D. E. S. Maxwell. *Routledge and Kegan Paul*, 21/-. Surveys in detail the development of Mr. Eliot's thought and style with the help of ingeniously selected quotations from his critical works. Particularly good on the various kinds of tradition that have received the homage of Mr. Eliot's traditionalism. A serious and steady guide to an often bewildering bulk and variety of writing.

The Burlesque Tradition in the English Theatre after 1660. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley. *Methuen*, 14/-. Comprehensive factual and critical study of the developments and variations of Burlesque, mainly as formally presented stage-play; with excerpts from famous practitioners from Davenant to Gilbert—and a glance at such literary burlesquers as Dickens, Leacock and Sir Max Beerbohm. Practitioner himself of this robust and engaging art-form, the author is an intelligent (and witty) guide.

Mr. Rank: A Study of J. Arthur Rank and British Films. Alan Wood. *Hodder and Stoughton*, 20/-. Entertaining, argumentative account of the vicissitudes of the British film industry, based on a summary life of the simple-hearted Yorkshire millionaire who took a financial hand in it. An interesting character study, a mine of stories and statistics, and an eye-opener for many misguided opponents.

Titu of Yugoslavia. K. Ziliac. *Michael Joseph*, 21/-. A sincere Titoist propagandist who knows Russia as well as Yugoslavia is nevertheless unable to make his hero stand out against an all-pervading background of Communist ideological quarrels. An informed but not impartial study of Yugoslav politics rather than a biography of Tito.

Darling Tom. L. A. G. Strong. *Methuen*, 10/6. Twenty-four reprinted short stories, with Foreword; some of the best, we learn, were written in collaboration with Mr. J. F. Swaine, creator of the character "Mr. Mangan". Comedy and tragedy, stories complete and inconclusive, are here, all competently told if not all outstanding.

Fletcher's Folly. H. L. V. Fletcher. *Hodder and Stoughton*, 15/-. The author's garden fertilizes his imagination and his memory; and in this delightful pastiche of knowledge, folklore and the leisurely wisdom of country ways he teaches more, through shared experience and entertainment, than he would have achieved by deliberately setting out to instruct.



"I wish we didn't have to wear these. I can't see a thing!"

THE PEPPERMINT GAL

THE large woman who had just arrived at the bus stop gave a general "Good morning," and handed round a bag of peppermints. The other impending passengers refused both conversation and peppermints, but when she said to me "Have a peppermint, kid?" I accepted one.

Two weeks later I met her as I was ambling along the pavement. "How's your eye, kid?" she asked.

"My eye's all right," I said. "How's Betty Martin?"

"Ain't you the one who was in 'ospital with our Ronnie?" she said. I explained that I was somebody quite different.

"How's your eye, kid?"

"It's a lot better now," I said, "although I had a bit of trouble getting the beefsteaks."

"Ronnie and the boys were asking about you."

"How is Ronnie?"

"He's been out several weeks now," she said. "He's got a job for you. Y' better come and see him."

We walked along the pavements until we reached an old, three-storied house, with peeling paint, a neglected garden and a general air of requisition.

She took me along a dark hall to a big room at the rear. In this some young men were assembling machine-guns.

"Hello, Ronnie," I said vaguely.

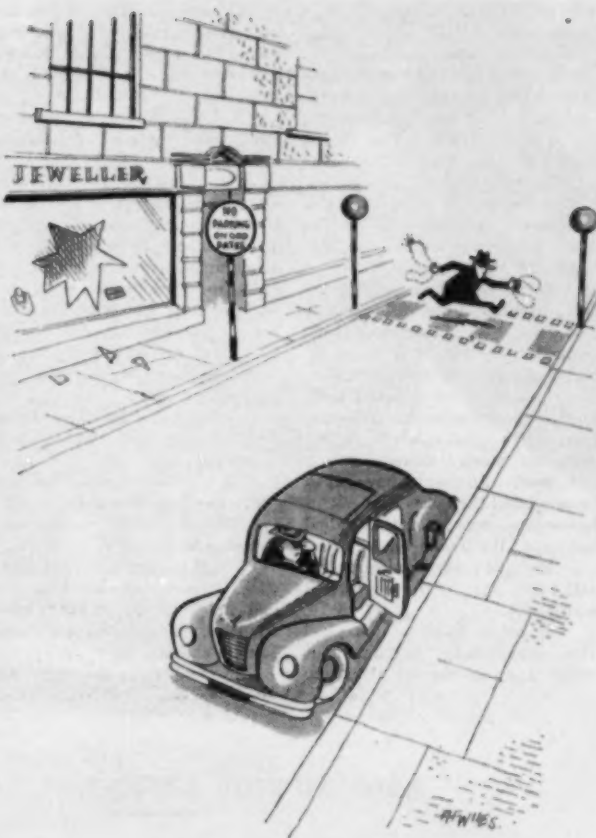
One young man looked up. "Hiya," he said; then, to his mother, "Get any Virginian?"

"Twenty," she said. "Piece of cake. The fellow went into the back and I collared a packet with the old butterfly net."

"Fair enough," said Ronnie; then, to me, "Got any '300 rimless?"

"I can't get any," I said. "They pay these Yankee soldiers so much they can't be bothered to take bribes."

"We'll have to take the coshes," said Ronnie. There was a murmur of disapproval from the other men. "Well, what's biting you?" Ronnie asked.



"We got the Rheinmetal-Borsig," said one man. "Be reasonable, Ronnie; we got to have protection at an adequate range."

Ronnie sighed. "Nobody knows how to fire it," he said, patiently.

"I do," I said. "Is it off an old Heinkel bomber?"

"We got it from the Imperial War Museum," said Ronnie, producing the machine-gun. "We didn't stooge around ascertaining their proprietary rights."

"Money for jam," I said. "You put this drum on, pull this thingummy back, orientate the enemy, and start shooting."

The men scattered. "All right, you imitation film extras," sneered Ronnie, "let's go."

"Where to?" I asked anxiously.

"Warehouse," Ronnie said briefly. "You'd better come along with the artillery."

We trailed out into the back street. "Egg and chips for six," said Ronnie. "Get 'em ready for nine."

"Elucidate!" said his mother.

"Do you mean six people for chips at nine o'clock or nine people for chips at six o'clock?"

"Use your loaf," said Ronnie. "It's half-five now."

There was an old saloon in the street into which we all clambered.

"The secret of success," said Ronnie, "is to operate in daylight. Nobody but a fool would do it. Nobody but a genius would expect it. The C.I.D. are not geniuses. I'll leave

you to struggle with the implication."

We drove to the warehouse. It was by a river in a quiet neighbourhood. "Pull her up," said Ronnie. "Put the artillery into the oboe case and come with me. You others know your instructions!"

They did.

Ronnie and I went into the warehouse. At "Inquiries" a girl said "Do you want to see Mr. Marshall? He's just gone."

"Good!" said Ronnie. "Splendid! Now listen. I want fifteen dozen gold-plated wire tieholders with enamelled emblems ('Welcome to Paddington'); sixty-two dozen sterling rhodium-plated polished mustard pots with Coronation emblems; two dozen gold-plated replica American cavalry sabres, without bloodstains. All that lot have got to be cased and the boxes have got to be wooden—cross-grained like we had last time. We'll take 'em with us."

"We don't take orders here," said the girl. "Our registered address is—"

"It might have been a good idea," said Ronnie, "to tell me that before I got to the bit about the

cavalry sabres. When a man has lost his original teeth, struggling with a word like 'replica' undermines his self-confidence. Now, where is the stuff!"

"I don't know what you're on about," said the girl. "Is this for export or something?"

"This," said Ronnie, "is what is known as survival of the fittest. I take it, young woman, that you do not expect to be paid for this metallurgical bric-à-brac?"

"Now, then," said a deep voice contradictorily. "What's all this here?"

"The rozzers!" said Ronnie. "Be so good as to align the artillery."

I lifted the Rheinmetal-Borsig with difficulty, and aimed it at the constable.

"Now, then, sonny," he said. "You can't do that there here."

"Dispute that contention," Ronnie said to me.

I tried to, but there was only a click. Ronnie shot out of the door and the boys out of the various windows. "You've had your chips," Ronnie shouted.

"A number two stoppage," said

the constable. "Here, let me show you."

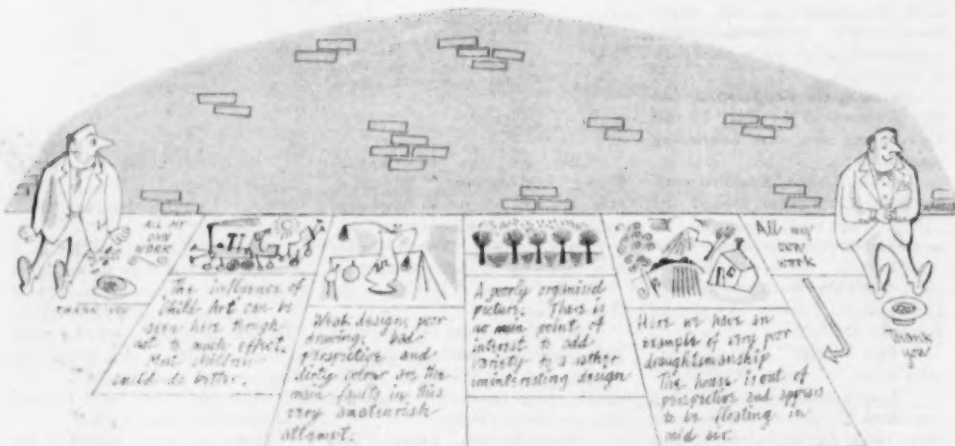
He took the gun away from me and I stood there, utterly humiliated. "It was my first offence," I said. "Anyway, we didn't take anything."

"You'll have to see the psychiatrist," said the constable. "First offenders always see the psychiatrist."

"Keep my name out of the papers," I said. "My good name means a lot to my mother."

"You can't expect me to keep the newspapers out of this," the constable said. "What about my good name?"

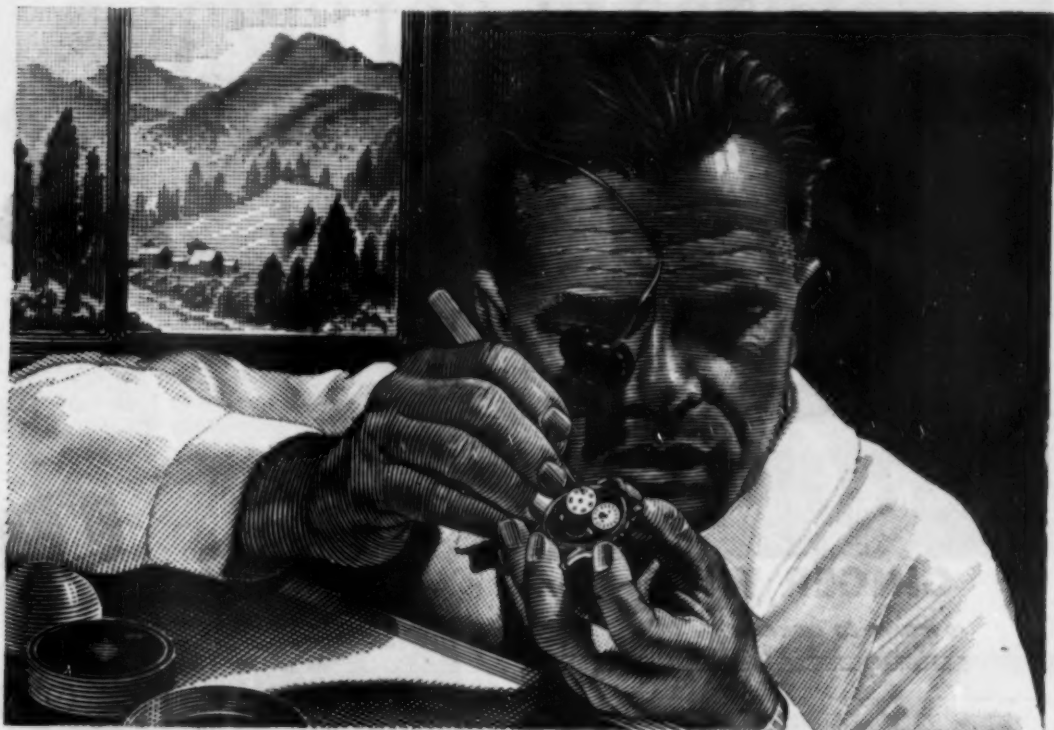
That is as far as my imagination will take me, and it is far enough. It is the duty of a writer to follow up all openings. One of these days I am going to do it. Goodness knows where my adventures will carry me. Anyway, I've got everything ready: a change of clothes, a book of stamps, a hand grenade, a passport to Chile, signed confessions in three languages, and, in case nothing at all happens, half a pound of peppermints.



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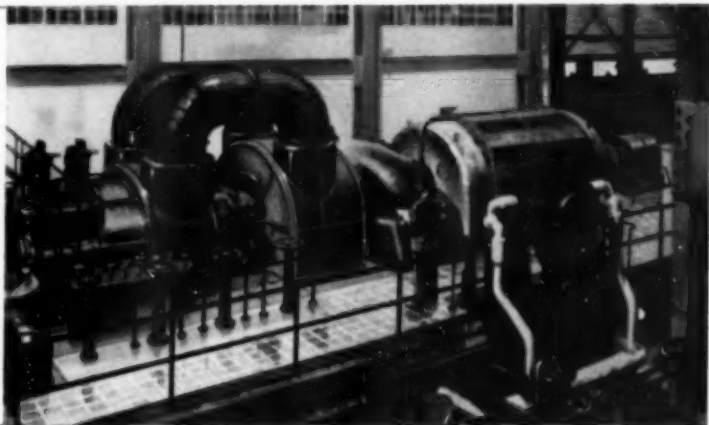


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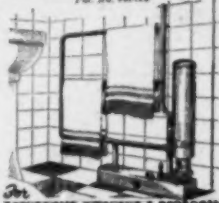


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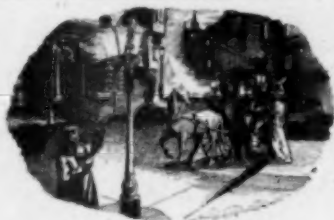
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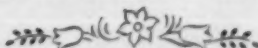


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